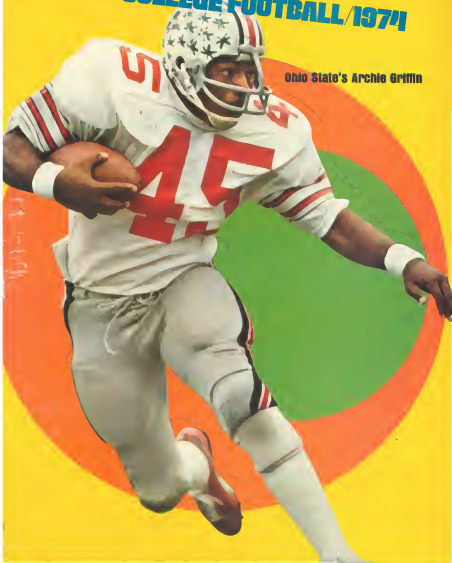


Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 9, 1974 60 CENTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL/1974

Ohio State's Archie Griffin



The Marlboro CupSM



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Saturday, September 14th at Belmont Park.

5:00 P.M. (EDT) on CBS-TV.

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AMERICAN EXPRESS

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Next week

PRO FOOTBALL '74 What with the players' strike, the upstart league, basic rules changes and the promise of new dynasties rising to replace the old, this will be a season of turbulence and change. Tex Maule appraises the action ahead, while Stephen Green-Armytage's striking color photographs recall the carnival atmosphere of Super Bowl VIII. The football section concludes with NFL scouting reports and Dan Jenkins' sardonic look at all 26 coaches. The regular features and news stories include reports on Forest Hills tennis and Evel Knievel's canyonshot.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

STRIKE OUT

No matter what face they put on it, the fact is the National Football League Players Association and its Executive Director Ed Garvey lost their shortsighted strike.

There will be many reasons given for the players' rambling retreat from unshakable demands to a bottom line offer, but one stands out. From the beginning the union talked strike, and early went on strike, which is not the way of most such negotiations, where a strike is called only as a last resort. It is hard to believe management would have felt half the confidence it did last week had it been facing opening day with a strike sword poised over its head. Instead, the players dribbled back into camp, nervously aware of how little job security there is in their business and how likely it was that many would be looking for new work if they did not get a chance to prove themselves against the rookies.

So the strike appears over for this year, but the owners would be foolish to consider the victory final. Many of the issues raised will continue as sore points with the players, and such actions as Houston's Sid Gillman cutting seven strikers the very day they returned—one wonders if that is the reason the Oilers have been 2-26 the past two seasons—will not ameliorate matters. The sport, the fans and both sides would be best served if the most serious of the differences were ironed out amicably over the coming year.

CASH FLOW, BLOOD DIVISION

President Ford may be unhappy about the swimming pool at the White House—there is none—but his nataratorial dilemma is a drop in the bucket compared with the poolful of advice Dr. Edwin Paget has for him. Paget was not happy even with the 35 to 40 laps the President was putting in daily in his 40-foot backyard pool in Arlington, Va.

Says Paget: "President Ford must realize that the quarter mile is so he swims

is not sufficient to open his capillaries. It's merely a warmup for an effective daily program. Brain power, particularly in older men, is dependent on the flow of oxygen to the brain capillaries. That flow decreases as a man gets older unless he engages in vigorous exercise. The distance the President swims qualifies him more for an assistant recorder of deeds than a President who would successfully fight inflation. He will need to send much, much more oxygen to the brain."

And what does Paget do for *his* exercise? Climbs 14,000-foot Pikes Peak about as often as most of us stroll around the patio. Now in his 70s, the retired North Carolina State professor has made 655 ascents, 35 this summer, which should qualify him as the new economic czar, at least.

SUPERSTITIOUS? YOU BET

As quietly as possible and without ceremony, the Atlanta Falcons retired jersey No. 76. If you do not recall the fabulous feats of ol' 76, there is a reason, explains Equipment Manager Whitey Zimmerman: "We had four players who tore up their knees wearing that number. So we retired it."

SITUATION NORMAL

There comes a time before every Olympic Games when the stories emanating from the site are full of gloom. The stadium will not be finished in time—which is fine since the approach roads won't reach it anyway—the athletes will be sleeping in tents and unexpected costs will leave the city in penury for a hundred years.

Last month it was Montreal's turn, and despite Mayor Jean Drapeau's protestations of "balderdash and balderdash," it suddenly seemed that the people the mayor has normally been able to convince with his adept combination of eloquence, double-talk and sleight of hand were not so sure.

Enter from Munich Willi Daume, vice-president of the International Olympic

Committee. After inspection of facilities, he gave Montreal his vote of confidence. "There could be a general world recession and the sale of Olympic coins could drop off," he admitted. "It is possible, too, that there will be a considerable increase in building costs, or that technical problems will swell the costs or that unemployment in Canada could reduce the sale of lottery tickets, but Canada is a great Olympic nation. It will not leave the IOC in the lurch."

Well and good. Olympic Games have a way of always coming off. But then there were a few nervous moments that Mayor Drapeau could certainly have done without. At a separate press conference, Roger Rousseau, president of the Canadian Olympic Organizing Committee, snapped at reporters: "We're not lying to you. We're just not telling you all the facts."

Telltale Tails

Cling went the starting gate at Atlantic City Race Course and they were off, all except Babe Witens, who pawed frantically at the dirt but never moved. After



a review of films and a talk with the starter, Steward Sam Boulmetis believed that he had the answer. "I think he got his tail stuck in the rear of the gate," he said.

This recalls what happened to Santo Domingo in a 1969 race. He left his tail in the gate. The loss never seemed to bother him, though. He continued to win

continued

Industry will have to it wants to survive.

Reddy Kilowatt had a bright idea.

Back in 1926, Reddy Kilowatt was introduced. He became the symbol and spokesman for individual electrical companies.

Reddy's message was simple — "Live better electrically."

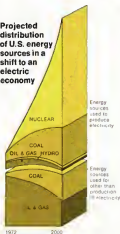
Living better electrically may be the only way to live.

Industry must have energy to survive. Yet, more than two-thirds of the energy it uses today comes from oil and gas. Two energy sources with futures that are uncertain at best.

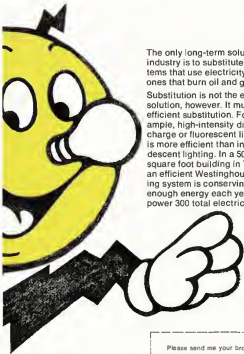
Industry must turn to electricity. It is the best way to ensure that industry will have an adequate energy supply that is relatively inexpensive and environmentally acceptable.

The following chart illustrates a projected distribution of America's energy sources in a shift to an electric economy. By the year 2000, oil and gas consumption will greatly decrease while coal and nuclear will become the dominant energy sources.

Projected
distribution
of U.S. energy
sources in a
shift to an
electric
economy



depend on electricity if



The only long-term solution for industry is to substitute systems that use electricity for ones that burn oil and gas.

Substitution is not the entire solution, however. It must be efficient substitution. For example, high-intensity discharge or fluorescent lighting is more efficient than incandescent lighting. In a 50,000 square foot building in Texas, an efficient Westinghouse lighting system is conserving enough energy each year to power 300 total electric homes.

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We'd like to help you grow in an electric economy. For some electrifying ideas, send for our brochure, "The expanding role of electricity in industry."

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The Master Tape

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They're from Taiwan and Ireland. And Guatemala and Bermuda. And a lot of other countries throughout the world.

And though they're not exactly neighbors, now your children can meet them on the first

worldwide television series for children,

"Big Blue Marble." The series takes its name from the photograph of Earth snapped from Moon orbit.

The aim of this weekly show is to encourage awareness in children of the world they live in by showing how children in other lands live, play, work and grow up.

"Big Blue Marble" is designed to appeal particularly to children in the 8-to-12 group, the ages when most children are curious and eager to learn about other children.

Whatever is shown will be depicted as it really is, with no editorial point of view expressed or implied. The only restriction on the selection of subjects is against violence. And there will be no commercial interruptions.

One regular feature of the show, "Dear Pen Pal," encourages your children to make friends with English-speaking children in other countries.

Before the series went into production, research studies among 2,000 children were conducted across the country. The series reflects these findings and incorporates recommendations from leading educators.

"Big Blue Marble" is being presented as a public service by ITT. The show begins regular weekly telecasts this month and will be distributed worldwide in 1975. Why is ITT presenting a children's series? Because the better children get to know each other while they're children, the better they'll be able to understand each other when they become adults.

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*Per Cigarette, FTC Report March '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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SCORECARD continued

Almost from the beginning, players suspected something fishy. For instance, Sal would fail to answer to his name. He finally explained that he was baptized John Salvatore Casola and that at home they called him John. Then there was the teammate who had gone to the University of Cincinnati and had played against Sal in college. Casola could contribute nothing to the fellow's reminiscences of the game. A few of the curious lurked near the phone when he called home, but they were always stymied. Casola spoke in Italian.

The mask finally came off four weeks ago when Buffalo visited K.C. for an exhibition game. Casola warmed up as far away from the Bills as he decently could, but they saw him and wondered aloud. Said Buffalo Coach Lou Saban to Stram, "What have you been feeding Casola? He must have gained 30 pounds since he left our camp." Said Buffalo Kicker Boris Shlapak, "I don't know who that guy kicking there is, but it isn't Sal Casola."

Next day John confessed. After Stram cooled down, the coach said he wasn't mad a bit. "Actually I admire the man's determination. He came here because he seriously wanted a tryout with a pro club. He's got a strong leg, and in time could become a good kicker, but he'd have to work on his form."

After their interview Stram had a pay-check made out to John to take the place of several issued to Sal that John had feared cashing. Then two weeks ago, along with several other marginal players, John was waived by K.C., under the name of Sal Casola.

THEY SAID IT

- Tom Foreythe, explaining that he likes to have his parachuting students make their first static line jump after hours of intensive instructions. "Please don't call it a crash course."
- Tito Fuentes, Miami second baseman, after being brushed back: "They shouldn't throw at me. I'm the father of five or six kids."
- Bill Yeoman, University of Houston coach who did not lose his voice once during preseason practice this year: "When you have 16 starters back, your voice tends to stay with you longer."
- Dick Sharon of the Tigers, after striking out three times against Nolan Ryan: "He's baseball's exorcist—scars the devil out of you."

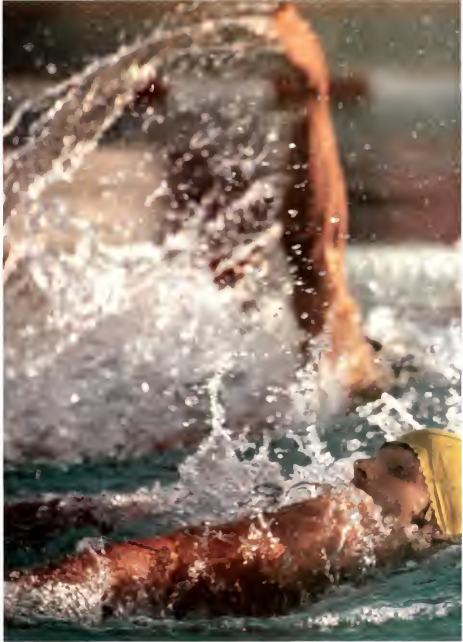
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STEMMING A RED TIDE

*Loaded and ready for record-smashing East Germans,
U.S. swimmers sank a veteran and seized a team victory*

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Everybody knew that the best backstroker in the world would be beaten sooner or later. But the longer they waited, the more a nagging suspicion seemed to rise: perhaps only hardening arteries could sink East Germany's 23-year-old Roland Matthes. For seven years, through two Olympics and a world championship, he had left all opponents in his world-record wake. And then came last Saturday and the much-heralded East German-U.S. meet at Concord, Calif., as theatrical a confrontation as swimming can produce.

The champion arrived for the competition burdened with ailments and self-doubts, the latter aggravated by the challenge of fast-improving John Naber, a stringy, 6' 6" Southern Cal sophomore. Naber's goal was reflected in the GO, SNAKE, YOU'RE NO. 1 banner friends held aloft when he mounted the starting block. But beat Roland Matthes?

Thus it was a moment of high drama when, with nearly half a pool length to go in the 200-meter backstroke, it suddenly became apparent that Matthes' astonishing winning streak was going to end. The SRO crowd of 6,000 at the Concord pool cheered itself silly, *continued*



The long arms arcing powerfully, John Naber conquers Roland Matthes (foreground), a triumph that confirmed the snail at right

and Bruce Furniss, one of the Snake's teammates, kept leaping up and down and screaming, "He's going to beat him! He's going to do it!" Matthes' teammates sat in stunned silence, their mood as blue as the color of their warmup jackets.

This was Matthes' first defeat in the backstroke since he lost a 100-meter race to countryman Joachim Rother in April 1967, and he suffered it with equanimity. Removing the yellow cap that covered his shoulder-length locks, he leaned across a lane marker to give Naber a bear hug and he smiled gallantly for the photographers. "I'm very disappointed," he said. "But a good athlete must learn to lose as well as to win, and tonight I am learning." Climbing from the water, he shrugged and noted, "Mao wird alt—a fellow gets old."

The 18-year-old Naber was at once exultant and embarrassed. Allowing that Matthes had long been his idol—as he has been to practically every young backstroke—Naber said, "Beating him is like finding out there is no Santa Claus. It's like waking from a dream." Then noting that his 2:02.83 clocking was nearly a second slower than Matthes' world record, he added, "It was fortunate for me that Roland was out of shape."

That Matthes was indeed below par was confirmed the next evening when he lost again to Naber, who out-touched him to capture the 100 backstroke in 57.74—a satisfying win but well over Matthes' world record of 56.30. Nor were these woes the only ones endured by the East Germans during the two-day meet. The U.S. won the team diving title 24-20 and the overall swimming competition 198-145. With the downfall of Matthes the American men swept all 15 of their events. But they were expected to win; almost as heartening was the performance of the U.S. women, who proved that there is still such a thing as a moral victory.

The East German *Wandermuscheln* took 10 of 14 events, but outscored the U.S. women by only 84-79. They were certainly not as overwhelming as they had been at last year's world championships in Belgrade, where they had swamped the U.S. women. Until that debacle, American water sports had been secure in the knowledge that the Santa Clara Swim Club or Lakewood Aquatic could beat the world.

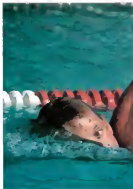
Coach Rudolf Schramme of East Germany was undismayed by his team's

showing in Concord. "This competition here is just fine, but it's really only a tune-up," he said. "What we are pointing for is the Olympics in Montreal." For such as butterfly Rosemarie Kother, individual medleyist Ulrike Tauber and backstrokeer Ulrike Richter, the tune-up was impressive. Each won two races in the Concord pool—with Richter and Kother breaking world records—and they erased any lingering doubts that they are the world's best in their specialties. And the East German women might have done even better but for some tough luck.

Renate Vogel placed third in the 200 breaststroke but was disqualified for an improper kick on the turns, an infraction that reduced the 19-year-old veteran to tears. "That's the way I've always swum it," she protested, and then came back to take the 100-meter breaststroke in a world record 1:12.28. Then star freestyler Kornelia Ender came down with a touch of the flu—her team doctor held American air conditioning partly to blame—that forced her to scratch from one event. Ender did swim in the 400 freestyle relay, only to badly misjudge a turn, an error that helped the U.S. win the event. But then she rallied once more to win the 100 free and anchor her 400 medley relay team to victory.

Still, none of this is to underrate the zeal of the American girls, who prepared for the battle of Concord like so many Paula Reverses. Leading the way, Shirley Babashoff equaled her own world record of 2:02.94 to take the 200 freestyle and then won the 400 free. The East Germans and Americans were allowed two entries apiece in individual events, and Babashoff also was runner-up in the 800 to Jo Harshbarger, a mere sparrow of a girl who finished just .09 over her world record of 8:47.5. What is more, Babashoff anchored the U.S. team in the 400 freestyle relay, the event in which Ender missed her turn, and another world record—3:51.99—was the result.

The U.S. women also took a gratifying number of second and third places, an indication of team depth that bodes well for the future. A few minutes before she was to compete in the 200 breaststroke, Millikin University sophomore Marcia Morey went to the first-aid station with a stomach ache. "I think it's just because I'm scared," she confessed. It was worthy of a TV commercial: Marcia was given antacid tablets, then was



Sixteen-year-old Tim Shaw, new U.S. phenom,

mobbed by excited teammates after her strongest race ever gave her a solid second place behind East Germany's Karla Linke.

While Morey and other Americans were logging their best times, it appeared that at least some of the Germans had peaked too early. In the 10 days or so before the dual meet they had been on a world-record binge unprecedented even in record-happy swimming. When the stopwatches were finally put away, American women, competing in the national AAU championships in the same Concord pool, had wound up with just three world marks while the East German women left the European championships in Vienna with 10. Naturally the

East Germany's Ulrike Tauber churned





won the 200-, 400- and 1,500-freestyle.

East German success rekindled charges that its women were taking male hormones and steroids, with a French doctor doing a lot to fuel the accusations.

"These women have uncommon muscle development," he told reporters in Vienna. "They have a special skin quality, a bit of hairiness unusual in girls of this age, rather curious voices and certain signs in their steps."

But the only thing that was really obvious at poolside in California was that many of the East Germans were now in the 150-pound range, having gained considerable weight in recent months.

Coach Schramme spoke candidly of the one or two massively constructed, baritone-voiced women on his team. "I

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ ALBRECHT

admit these girls are of a certain physiological type," he said, "but this is only because we tend to look for that type to begin with. It's not the training that makes them that way. In fact, without the training they'd probably be even slouter than they are."

Schramme dismissed the talk of steroids and hormones as "ridiculous," attributing the brawn to weight training and other muscle-building exercises. Apparently accepting that explanation, several U.S. women are turning to weight training. "Our girls have always been afraid that weights would make us too muscular," said Marcia Morey, "but I'm going to start using them this fall." Already lifting weights is Babashoff, whose once skinny 5'10" frame has fleshed out to 145, a gain of some 15 pounds.

One interesting question was why the East German men have failed to make a breakthrough to match the women's. Instead it is the U.S. that keeps coming up with the bright new stars, the latest being Tim Shaw and Naber. Shaw, a slender, painfully shy schoolboy from Long Beach, set three world records at the U.S. championships—in the 200, 400 and 1,500 freestyles. In the excitement of breaking the 400 record a friend entrusted with holding his glasses dropped and broke them. "Everything's in a blur," Shaw complained, but he saw his way to winning the same three events last weekend, although not in record time.

Naber is as outgoing as Shaw is withdrawn, and why not? Aren't backstrokers accustomed to facing the crowd rather than the bottom of the pool? As a freshman last spring Naber led USC to a one-point upset of perennial NCAA champion Indiana, and he was unbeaten in the backstroke for almost a year. But that accomplishment paled next to Matthes' streak, and at Concord the American was properly cautious. "I'd be crazy to tell you I'm going to beat Roland," he said. "My chances are one in 10."

What Naber didn't know was that his East German rival had been weakened by colds and recent root-canal work. Even more important was Matthes' admission that swimming was becoming "more work and less fun." Matthes won both backstroke events at each of the last two Olympics but has been predicting for some time that he would retire before the 1976 Games.

The race against Naber in the 200 began inauspiciously. Matthes had grown

accustomed to winning with such ease that he could afford the luxury of looking over his shoulder when approaching the wall instead of using overhead flags to gauge his turns the way other backstrokers do. Nearing the first turn, kicking deep and riding high in his familiar style, he looked around as usual. He and Naber were dead even at this point, but soon the American began pulling ahead. Matthes is usually casual, all but smiling in the water, but now his features were grim and taut. Naber's lead at 100 meters was half a body length and Matthes began straining. He had to sacrifice caution for speed; he relied on the flags to make his turns.

Then came the last turn. "I got him good coming off the wall," the Snake said later. "He has great power, but I could see it just wasn't there."

Nor was the familiar zip there in the final crusher, the opening backstroke leg of the 400-meter medley relay. For the third time in their confrontation Naber burst ahead of Matthes to lead the U.S. men to their 15th and concluding win.

This defeat may have marked the saddest part of the champion's appearance in Concord. A fervent, wild-eyed team man, Matthes has always saved his best for the medley relay—in fact, all his backstroke records have been clocked in that event. And that, of course, was exactly the problem. For the first time in seven years, Roland Matthes' best was not good enough. **END**

No victory in both individual medleys.



Jo Harshbarger of U.S. rose to the occasion.





Dock Ellis remained hot at cold Candlestick.

A HALF OF LOAFING IS NOW UNDONE

The talented Pirates were unpugnacious and unproductive until the middle of the season, when a fight set them aflight toward the top of their division

by RON FIMRITE

of the National League East, began its quest by losing its first six games and 10 of its first 12. By June 7 the Pirates were 14 games under .500 and staggering. Somehow they righted themselves and progressed for a time with the tentativeness of a tosspot on the mend, going nowhere in particular but staying upright. Then there came what Manager Danny Murtaugh now considers "the turning point"—a fist-swinging row with the truculent Cincinnati Reds on July 14.

"Sometimes something like that is needed," says Murtaugh, whose mournful countenance looks as if it had been abused by a succession of heavyweight contenders. "It got us moving again, gave us togetherness." Not that he can take credit for it. On fight night, Murtaugh was abed with back trouble. "I was told it was a good one," he says with the smug assurance of a noncombatant.

The Reds are forever brawling with someone, but the Pirates were behaving like pussies at that point in the season. The fight, which resulted from a bean-ball war, revived dormant combativeness. Pittsburgh's Ed Kirkpatrick was seen shoving Sparky Anderson after the Reds' manager stomped—accidentally, Anderson insisted—on his toe.

The Pirates took that game and the succeeding seven. Since the unpleasantness they have won 32 and lost only 13, a pace that had rocketed them from ignominy to first place in their division by the beginning of last week. The pennant battle was hardly won, but for once this season Pittsburgh was the chased, not the chaser. And, as Centerfielder Al Oliver, a .319 hitter who murders pitching and logic with equal facility, said, "It is always better to be chased than to chase."

Last week, in a three-game series with the Giants in San Francisco, the Pirates demonstrated some of the reasons for their revival. They hit when it mattered; they enjoyed effective, if hardly overpow-

ering pitching; they fielded not always well but brilliantly at critical moments; and they were plain lucky.

In the opener they scored 13 runs on 12 hits, all but two of them singles, as Dock Ellis held the Giants to two runs on 10 hits for his eighth straight win. More than any other player, Ellis reflects Pittsburgh's schizophrenic season. He had lost eight of 12 decisions through mid-July; his win last week brought his record to 11-8. The next day in the first of a pair of 11-inning matches, the Pirates scored three times on eight hits, while Starter Jerry Reuss and Reliever Dave Giusti somehow limited the Giants to a single run on 14 hits. Counting walks and errors, 17 Giants reached base in this unusual game. The Pirates eventually won when Kirkpatrick, who plays first base against right-handed pitching, doubled home two runs to break a 1-1 tie that seemed eternal. It was the sixth game-winning hit for Kirkpatrick, an American League transplant. The Giants won the second of the 11-inning ordeals 3-2, the first Pirate defeat after six straight wins. It was a brief reversal. The Pirates opened their next series in Los Angeles with a 4-3 victory, scoring three of their runs in an eighth-inning outburst against relief ace Mike Marshall.

In the three games at Candlestick, the Giants out-hit Pittsburgh 33-28, but San Francisco was outscored 18-6—a manifestation of the Pirates' rediscovered talent for timely hitting.

The early-season jokers from Pittsburgh had as finely tuned a sense of timing as the California journalist who once wrote of a track meet, "The eyes of the world are on Fresno today," at the precise moment Nazi Panzer divisions were crossing the Polish border. Stargell, who had shown the firepower of a tank by driving in well over 100 runs the past three seasons, had only 27 RBIs the first two months of this one. His subalterns were scarcely more productive as the Pi-

The city of Pittsburgh has been alternately cursed and blessed this year by two baseball teams, the nine Marx Brothers who opened the season and the gallant swashbucklers who are now closing it. Alas, the two teams are but one. The first of them recalls the 1952 Pittsburgh Pirates, losers of 112 games, and the other the 1971 Pirates, winners of a world championship. Why this has happened is a question to which no one, especially the Pirates themselves, seems to have a plausible response.

To some, such as the ordinarily courteous Willie Stargell, the mere asking constitutes a personal affront. "No secret," said a suddenly dour Willie one morning last week in the visitors' clubhouse at Candlestick Park. "We were losing earlier. We're winning now." It was as if this line of questioning were not entirely unfamiliar to him, an impression heightened by his subsequent riposte, "You haven't been following us, have you?"

"The difference between our team now and the one playing the first half of the season," says young Rightfielder Richie Zisk with mock solemnity, "is that we lost more then and we win more now."

There is no disputing such withering tautology. Pittsburgh, considered a prime contender for the championship

rates stranded base runners in ridiculous profusion. And if the hitting was ill-timed, the fielding was simply ill.

"We played unbelievably sloppy baseball," says Third Baseman Richie Hebner, who committed 17 errors the first half of the season and has had only three since. "We were giving the other teams four and five outs an inning. We'd go to the park and find a different way to lose every day."

The Pirates now are getting serviceable defense from Second Baseman Renne Sennett, who also has had only one error during the second half of the season, and the rookie tandem at shortstop, Frank Taveras and Mario Mendoza, whom Murtaugh whimsically alternates. Taveras, a slightly better hitter—.258 batting average compared to Mendoza's .230—and a fielder with more range, if less finesse, seems now to be the incumbent.

The starting pitchers have not been a problem, although Ken Brett, who is both a bat and an arm, has been lost temporarily with elbow malady. But Releiver Giusti suffered miserably through the first half of the season and is only now regaining what he calls, in a term reminiscent of departed White House aides, his "confidence factor."

Still these are merely tangles and, as everyone must know by now, baseball games are won on intangibles. These the Pirates have in abundance. Even in their darkest hours their intangibles remained inviolate.

"We knew we were going bad," says Oliver, who has been a consistent batter throughout the divided season and had a 21-game hitting streak halted against the Grants. "We also knew that once we got started, we could win it all. Oh, we heard it from the fans. They were down on us. Luckily, players don't think like fans. To the people in the stands, it's entertainment. To us, it's our job. They can give up on us, but we can never give up on ourselves. It's our living. One thing people don't seem to realize about athletes is that we're human beings who can make mistakes just like anybody else. But our ball club has always had a winning attitude. We know from the past that we can win. That attitude never changed, even when we were losing. Not too many teams could have gone through what we did and kept that same attitude."

The team's leading batter in only his second full major league season, Zisk admits to being impressed with the Pirates' frame of mind. "I've never played on a team that really turned it around like this one," he says. "It's a new experience."

It is truly remarkable that the Pirates with their wealth of talent should have had to turn it around. If nothing else, they must be the most impressive batting-practice hitters since the 1927 Yankees unnerved an earlier Pittsburgh team with a pregame show of power that led to a sweep of that year's World Series.

On a gray, almost windless morning last week in cold Candlestick, the Pirate sluggers took their licks against batting-practice pitchers Don Leppert and Bob Skinner. Left-handed Oliver, broad-shouldered and sleek, concentrated first on hitting to left, lining four consecutive balls in that direction, one of which easily cleared the fence. To demonstrate that he has another side to him, he then blistered a pitch into right field.

After Manny Sanguillen, swinging at everything that approached, including balls over his head, converted them all into frozen ropes, Zisk stepped in. He has a young, mustachioed, rather inconsequential face, and he does not appear especially athletic, yet Skinner describes him as "one of the best-looking young



Unprepossessing Zisk bats a potent .320.

hitters to come along in years." His .320 batting average with 15 home runs and 83 RBIs is proof enough of that, and Zisk quickly reinforced Skinner's estimate by lofting successive fly balls over the left-field fence with his near-perfect swing.

Finally, massive Stargelli lumbered up. He has 21 home runs and 75 RBIs. He twirled his big bat as if it were a majorette's baton, then settled into the left-handed batter's box and effortlessly propelled three balls into the distant territory beyond right center field. He was followed by Dave Parker, a towering 6'5" junior Stargelli, but still a part-time player. He launched a ball into the right-field upper deck.

The Grants wisely resisted watching this chilling spectacle, preferring the warmth of the clubhouse where they read the boxscores and ruminated on past humiliations. The Pirates are finished with rumination. One season is already behind them, another is in the works. They have loved the Robert Louis Stevenson tale in reverse, downing the magic potion to transform themselves from bad to good.

"We lost a lot of games early that we should have won," says Reuss, the starting pitcher with flowing blond hair and a 14-9 record. "Now we're winning those games. Water, as they say, seeks its own level."

The Pirates know their level. They've almost reached it.

END

All season, Oliver has hit like the dickens.





BILLY FITS THE HAMBO TO A 'T'

Christopher T. survived a deluge, managed not to kick himself and won the Hambletonian for Driver Billy Houghton, who had taken almost every major harness-racing prize except the big one

by BARRY McDERMOTT

A state fair is like a picnic without ants in the baked beans. You swirl some barbecue sauce and chomp on a plateful of tacos and corn dogs, have the shimmy taken out of your twisted frame on one of those vibrating lounge chairs, obtain a personal interview with the world's largest spider monkey, and get dust on your shoes and not have a worry in the world because you won a pink stuffed tiger in the ring toss.

The Du Quoin State Fair is all of that and more: right out in the backyard the Hambletonian harness race for 3-year-old trotters takes place, which is like holding the Indianapolis 500 at the local drag strip or having Jack Nicklaus tee up for the U.S. Open on rubber mats at the corner driving range. If you want to find Du Quoin, Ill., just go to the middle of nowhere and park your car.

Despite its insularity, Du Quoin comes alive for the Hambletonian as limousines and pickup trucks nuzzle together at the rustic fairgrounds. It is a return to the roots of a sport that grew out of just such territory—the fairground circuit with no pari-mutuel wagering and only man, horse and sulky against each other. And what took place there last week can be described as a double-barreled miracle. First it rained and then Billy Houghton won the race.

All summer long the area had suffered severe drought; in the fields surrounding Du Quoin the corn stood wilted, brown, ruined. But Billy Houghton's personal dry spell with respect to the Hambro stretched for much longer than one season. Although his winnings amount to a record \$20 million (give or take a few thousand) since he first began driving se-

riously in 1949 and although he has captured nearly every other major harness-racing fixture—most of them more than once—Houghton had never won the Hambletonian. Then last Friday he twice came thundering down the stretch behind Christopher T., a colt with more heart than style.

It was only the fourth victory of the season for Christopher T., who has trouble getting out of the way of his own feet and has had a series of injuries aggravated by his awkward gait. At one point Houghton questioned entering the colt in the Hambletonian but Owner John Thro, a pharmacist from Mankato, Minn., talked him into it. Houghton changed the horse's shoes, removed his toe weights and hoped he would heal between heats.

The winner of the Hambletonian must win two heats over the mile track. This



Down the stretch in the decisive third heat, Haughton has Christopher T. firmly in front.

year a record field of 22 horses was entered and, rather than steal a scene from *Ben Hur*, race officials split the mob into two 11-horse divisions. Nevele Diamond, offspring of the great Nevele Pride, driven by Stanley Dancer, won the first in 2:00¹/₂, no surprise since Diamond was one of the favorites. But in the second division most people figured Christopher T. would need crutches. In the absence of a tote board, the knowledgeable had instilled him at something like 12 to 1. Nevertheless, Christopher T. and Haughton sizzled to a 1:59¹/₂, handily beating the pre-race favorite Golden Sovereign.

The top five horses from each division returned for a third heat, with both Christopher T. and Nevele Diamond having a chance to wrap it up and eliminate the need for yet a fourth race. Diamond had the lead at the halfway mark but Dancer's colt faded badly after the three-quarter pole. Christopher T. turned a 1:58¹/₂ clocking and finished a length and a half ahead of second-place Stock Split.

Under the best of circumstances the Hambletonian is an excruciating event, and this year the tension was heightened by a two-day postponement. A deluge hit the track mid-Wednesday while the horses were warming up, washing out the race program. When the rains continued into the night, the race was also scrubbed for Thursday. "Du Quoin isn't a bad place to be marooned for four or five days if the leftovers from the Ma Barker gang don't get you," chuckled veteran horseman Del Miller. He was in a state of considerable shock after discovering that somebody had been siphoning off vodka from his liquor supply and replacing it with water.

The sudden superabundance of water also raised the possibility that if the race could not be staged on Friday, it might have to be rescheduled at another track later in the year. For the weekend, Du Quoin was committed to spark plugs instead of racing plugs—a highly profitable auto-race program. The prospect was especially doleful since Du Quoin almost lost the Hambletonian last October when officials voted to move it to Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, where the pot could be sweetened with pari-mutuel betting money. The move was never carried out, however, and the Hambletonian Society announced last week that Du Quoin would host the race "indefinitely" and that pari-mutuel betting and an all-weather track would be added in time for next year's race.

As trotting's most prestigious event by far, the Hambletonian aspires a certain awe in first-time participants—never mind that any reverence is likely to be tempered by the fact that the race is an adjunct to the fair: a driver is liable to discover the trained bear Gentle Ben sharing his motel swimming pool some morning, or wind up eating breakfast next to a performing orangutan. Duncan MacDonald, the gruff Canadian owner-driver-trainer of Ambro Ouzo, is not often associated with sentimentality, but he was so impressed by the fact that he was making his first try at the Hambletonian that he went out and bought a whip and inscribed it HAMBLETONIAN 1974 as a memento.

Another man making his first pilgrimage to Du Quoin was Dick Richardson Jr., whose colt Golden Sovereign had come from pre-race obscurity to prominence. In 13 starts this year the handsome chestnut had won eight times and

finished second on four occasions. Richardson was happy enough with Sovereign that he skipped a final tuneup at the punishing Indiana state fair track and headed straight for Du Quoin, where he had some flashy workouts. Ned Bower, the trainer of Anvil, put the stopwatch on one of those exhibitions and announced that the horse had turned a 1:57 mile. "I heard he went that fast," sniffed Richardson, attempting to temper enthusiasm. "If he turned a 57, he'll go in 53 in the Hambletonian." But Richardson's confidence ebbed with the delay, and on Wednesday and Thursday he could be seen glumly searching the sky for signs of sunshine while Golden Sovereign stood idly in his stall, his nose pressed against the cage of an electric fan.

Meanwhile Haughton went around like a man in charge of a 12-to-1 shot that might win, but only if a lot of other horses got sick. He talked about how the Hambletonian had never been kind to him. In his first go at it 25 years ago, a bridle snapped just as the starting gate pulled away. His luck had not been much better since. This year he showed up with another typical tale of woe. His trip to Du Quoin started badly in Long Island with a well-meaning assistant locking the keys to his car in the trunk. It ended seven hours later with his motel reservations being lost. In between there were missed and delayed airplane flights, arguments with clerks and general aggravations.

But luck changes. Christopher T. won the second division in impressive style from the eighth post as Golden Sovereign tired in the stretch and just managed to hold on to second place.

In the finale Anvil took the lead at the quarter pole but Dancer quickly urged Nevele Diamond to the front. Going down the backstretch Golden Sovereign was parked in seventh place and never would be a threat while Christopher T. was sitting fourth. They stayed that way until the three-quarter pole when Diamond gave up the ghost and Sing Away Herbert edged briefly into the lead. Halfway through the stretch, Haughton eased his colt on top and no one around him had any fight left. The old pro surveyed the situation on each side of him, leaned back in the sulky and gave a look that said, "Well, boys, it's Billy's day today."

It just proves that everyone likes a fair, only it takes some people longer to find out.

END

THEN IT WAS TWO FOR THE SEESAW

After Australia's Southern Cross (inset) routed France, the U.S. boats got down to brass tacks **by CARLETON MITCHELL**



As August faded toward September, twin dramas were playing simultaneously off Newport. Like most double features, one side of the bill was weaker. When it became apparent that the action between Australia's *Southern Cross* and France's *France* could only be captured on a super-wide screen, the audience drifted away from that series to determine the America's Cup challenger to

close in on the performances of *Intrepid* and *Courageous*. Culminating a summer-long struggle for the role of defender, they were pushing drama to the point of cardiac difficulty for their supporters.

For *France* the curtain went up and, in a sense, down on the same day. It was a clear one, sunny and warm, with a light easterly breeze barely ruffling the sea—exactly the conditions the French

thought suited them best. As a courtesy to the visitors, the U.S. trials were canceled, so the entire spectator fleet formed a giant horseshoe behind the starting area. At the 10-minute warning gun *Southern Cross* and *France* were far apart; they came together to circle well behind the line at the five-minute gun, then broke apart again, each helmsman going his unhindered way. *Southern Cross* was one minute, 43 seconds late crossing the line after the starting gun, yet still four seconds ahead of *France*. Both boats had clear air. It soon became apparent that the Australian was pointing higher and footing faster, a devastating combination. At 10 minutes after the start the French skipper, Jean Marie Le Guillou, attempted to force a tacking duel, but *Southern Cross'* Jim Hardy applied only loose cover. *France* seemed to sag farther behind on each tack, so the effort was abandoned. At the first windward mark *Southern Cross* led by 2:26, and she gained on every following leg to finish a whopping 7:32 ahead. Although later margins were less lopsided, this first meeting set the pattern for four consecutive decisive victories.

France's embarrassment was prolonged by the time limit expiring in one race and thick fog canceling another. The latter provided a measure of consolation for Baron Marcel Bieh, backer of the French effort—this year it was the Aussies who did not find the mark. There were surprises, notably *France's* utter inability to match paces with *Southern Cross* in light air despite the fact she had done so well against *Gretel II* in 1970, and the lack of aggressiveness shown by either helmsman at the starts. Hardy could be excused for conservatism, as superior boat speed would soon take him in front, but to be on top at the gun was Le Guillou's sole hope.

On their side of the watery amphitheater, *Intrepid* and *Courageous* were putting on a very good show indeed. They had gone into the decisive series with *Intrepid* having a 6-4 lead in earlier trials, and they split their two races before *Mariner* and *Valiant* were excused from further competition. This brought them into the "final finals" with the '67 design of

continued



Bow to bow they come. *Intrepid* (right) closing to windward of *Courageous* on a reach.

Olin Stephens enjoying a 7-5 margin over his latest creation. Then *Courageous* appeared to hit her stride. All summer her supporters had been saying that what the newer boat needed was time—time to perfect sails, to sharpen the crew, to acquaint helmsmen with idiosyncrasies inherent in an ultrarefined design, and oow everything seemed to be coming together.

On the day before the Australians and French began their matches *Courageous* overcame a 16-second deficit at the start to sail through *Intrepid* on the first windward leg. In fact, she simply murdered her rival, arriving at the mark 3:07 ahead. The wind was a scant five knots, the sea smooth, and *Courageous* not only seemed to be moving faster but profited when *Intrepid* violated the first commandment of match racing: "Thou shalt sit firmly on the wind of thy neighbor." Long tacks coupled with slight shifts in a fickle breeze were the West Coast contender's downfall, and although *Intrepid* gained on every remaining leg, she lost by 1:31. Next came another pair of victories for *Courageous*, the first in virtual drifting conditions over a shortened course, by 4:51. It brought the seesaw to dead center: the score was 7-7. In the second win Dennis Conner, who had been drafted from *Mariner* as starting helmsman, was on top at the gun by 32 seconds, and *Courageous* protected her lead all the way, although much of the time a large circus tent would have covered both boats. The winning margin was 10 seconds and the seesaw had now tipped in favor of *Courageous*. More important, she had won four out of five in the finals. Hopeful eyes

began to keep watch for the launch bearing the selection committee.

Early last week a change in the weather brought a shift in fortunes. Gray skies and a sea laced with graycaps awaited the fleet. For the first time in the final trials the wind had gone left, a 15-knot southerly. Like gladiators, *Intrepid* and *Courageous* rushed toward each other at the 10-minute gun. A 12-meter yacht consists of tons of lead below the waterline and an eggshell-fragile skin above; the helmsman stands some 50 feet behind the spear of his bow, and there are no brakes. Yet the start is so vital in match racing that the intricate circling maneuvers called by some the "Mosbacher Waltz," and by others the "Dance of Death," are almost mandatory for boats evenly matched. Nothing in sport requires more nerve, judgment or teamwork. The exercise ends when one skipper thinks he has an advantage; he peels off to cross the line—ideally as the gun fires.

On this day the start was nearly a standoff, *Courageous* slightly ahead and below, a safe lee bow position that forced *Intrepid* about seconds after the gun. Her skipper, Gerry Driscoll, countered with a tacking duel, and this time it was *Courageous'* Bob Bavier and his brain trust who made the tactical error. While able to cross ahead on port tack, *Courageous* kept going back to the east, enabling *Intrepid* not only to work to the west, generally favored as the wind hauled clockwise, but to maintain the advantage of the right of way starboard tack on coming back together. Halfway up the first weather leg *Intrepid* forced *Courageous* about, and went on to win. The next day, in similar weather conditions, *Intrepid* led all the way and on the following day, in lighter air, she won again. The seesaw had tipped back, and now different eyes began watching for the selection committee's launch.

Intrepid was clearly the people's choice, the darling of the docks. Each night her return to shore was hailed with cheers, whistles and fireworks by crowds assembled along the waterfront. She had been a bit sluggish in drifting conditions, but became the equal of *Courageous* as soon as the breeze freshened. She appeared to improve the harder it blew, heeling and pitching less to windward and weaving less on spinnaker runs. Yet unless a real 25-knot buster came along it would be impossible to be sure *Intrepid* could retain her apparent edge in rag-

ged going—vital should the defense against *Southern Cross* include an equinoctial nor'easter.

Continuing light airs, crew changes and unresolved questions were complicating the choice of a defender right down to the last moments. On Saturday, with only three days of trials still possible, Bob Bavier announced he was leaving the cockpit of *Courageous*. Sailmaker Ted Hood took over, with Conner remaining as starting specialist. Last week, in a blast unparalleled in cup history, and at a time *Courageous* was looking her best, Aussie chief Alan Bond attacked Conner's transfer from *Mariner*, citing early fouls and accusing him of employing "rodeo tactics afloat." Bond also said, "We deplore this approach, which is degrading to the dignity and prestige of the America's Cup [and] are most concerned that this style of racing could be condoned by the New York Yacht Club, to seriously disadvantage our efforts." Coming from a chest-beating leader who demanded that his crew cultivate a "killer instinct," an attempt to dictate the choice of the other team's quarterback as well as to control how the game should be played is rather astonishing. Many feel that Bond is worried about the ability of *Southern Cross* to cope with a defender before the starting gun, and is either trying to set up an alibi for home consumption or ready the stage for protests. The challenger has neither a trim tab to assist the rudder in tight turns nor experience in the aggressive starting maneuvers routinely practiced by U.S. match-racing sailors.

Yet even if Bond injects a discordant note, it does not detract from *Southern Cross* as a beautiful creation, and one likely to push the defender to the limit. Bobby Symonette of Nassau, chairman of the International Jury in the elimination matches between Australia and France, shakes his head when evaluating coming events. He had a close-up view of the foreign contenders from the committee boat and later watched several U.S. trials, and he says, "For the first time I'm convinced someone has a chance to lift the cup. Downwind may be the decisive area, where a faster-reaching boat can attack even if she loses the start and is blanketed to the first mark. Once ahead, she can retain control. So at this point I think it's an even-money bet." There are many around Newport who agree.

END



Winner Hardy (right) meets loser Le Guen.

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1974

In South Bend and Norman, in Columbus and Tuscaloosa, as well as on the campuses of all the other gridiron giants, nothing creates so much controversy, outrage and general all-round excitement as the annual battle for No. 1

The new season is upon us. What memorable moments it will bring depends in part on your locale and size of mind. If you are up in section 103, row K, seat 14 in the dead of November, for instance, you might get to wondering just before that last sip of lukewarm coffee whether frostbite always requires amputation. But if you have just been turned upside down on the 34-yard line and some line-backer two ax handles wide has put his foot where your ear ought to be, your thoughts may drift to such whimsical subjects as, say, survival.

But in the great annual free-for-all of major-college football there is always one topic that commands the rapt attention of everyone concerned: Who is No. 1? The fact that man has not yet devised a civilized way to determine an official national champion should not be cause for despair. To the contrary, it is a source of strange delight. Either

way, at this point in time, as they once said, it might be edifying for both the fans and the young men suiting up for battle to reflect on the words of a departed warrior.

"The public . . . demands certainties," H. L. Mencken once observed. "It must be told definitely and a bit raucously that this is true and that is false. But there are no certainties."

Mencken did not see Ara Parseghian's crusaders seek truth in the Sugar Bowl last season. Nor did he hear the Notre Dame rabble declare, definitely and more than a bit raucously, that "We're No. 1!" But in his wise and wily way, old H. L. neatly summed up what is altogether unique and perversely captivating about a sport that produces claimants instead of champions: there are no certainties.

There is doubt, speculation, controversy, accusation, rumor, intrigue, discontent and a lot of chest thumping and



flat-out hollering. And that just may be the most outrageously fun part of it all. In 1973, college football attendance rose to a record high (31,282,540) for the 20th season in a row, and that would seem to indicate that *somebody* out there digs the devilry.

Indeed, in a computerized world that cranks out undisputed sports champions like so many punch cards, it is reassuring to know that there is still one athletic endeavor that folds, spindles and mutilates the System. Notre Dame has every right to claim the national championship, but as every loyal Golden Donkey knows all too well, the title is called "mythical" for several thousand reasons that the good citizens of Norman, Okla. and Columbus, Ohio, among others, will readily supply.

The 1973 season was a classic example of just how many teams get a crack at No. 1 and throw it away. USC had it at the start, but in the Trojans' third game of the year No. 8 Oklahoma overwhelmed them in total offense, 339 yards to 161. The Sooners somehow managed to cross the goal line only once, but the resulting 7-7 tie dropped the Trojans

from the top spot and stigmatized the Sooners despite their runaway-freight-train act the rest of the season.

Ohio State, which replaced USC as No. 1, reigned for two months until that fateful Thanksgiving weekend when it was tied 10-10 by No. 4 Michigan. Had either team won and then beaten USC in the Rose Bowl, it undoubtedly would have been No. 1. But with the tie, all that remained was for Notre Dame, which started out as No. 8 and was not much higher in late October, to stage some high drama, not the least of which was meeting No. 1 Alabama in the Sugar Bowl. That was the thriller, in which Quarterback Tom Clements, protecting a 24-23 lead in the waning moments, roamed around in his own end zone, and then launched a pass to End Robin Weber that was good for 35 yards and the national championship.

Purely mythical in every way, of course. Even should computers someday close in on college football, there will always be similar big moments as well as the controversy of preseason pigskin prognostication. So read on and let the good times—and all those glorious uncertainties—roll.

CONTINUED

NO.

1

OHIO STATE



For several months red-blazered disciples of that megaschool on the banks of the mighty Olentangy have been addressing themselves to college football's most intriguing question: Who's No. 1? Their conclusion, though it will likely be untested until Michigan's visit on Nov. 23, is a resounding, "We are."

Ohio State will be national champion because Woody Hayes says so. "We're not shooting for anything less," he informed a congregation of Buckeyes on the first day of spring practice. "We've come close a couple of times lately but we haven't done it. This time we will."

The Big Buckeye having spoken, all the little Buckeyes clamored in agreement. "I'm kind of dying for it," says Bruce Elia. "We ain't going to mess it this year." To which fellow Linebacker Ken Kuhn adds, "We're going to kill people while we're doing it. So sleep tight, all you Iowas and Indians."

The prospect of a national championship has stirred even low-keyed, high-powered superback Archie Griffin. "It would be cool," says Griffin, the only sophomore in half a century to be named the Big Ten's Most Valuable Player.

Next week, when the Buckeyes open their quest against Minnesota, Griffin will most likely become Ohio State's leading career rusher and runner-up in total offense. Ninety-nine yards will accomplish both, a very makeable total since he averaged 143 a game last year and never gained fewer than 105. Griffin already holds the Big Ten single-season (1,577) and Ohio State single-game (246) rushing marks.

Archie is only one of 16 returning starters. The depth and breadth of Ohio State's talent is so great that Tackle John Hicks, the Outland and Lombardi trophies winner, and All-America Linebacker Randy Gradishar will hardly be missed. "We don't need them," says Defensive Tackle Pete Cusick.

This preponderance of talent has mellowed Hayes, the tempestuous World War II historian who chews up sideline markers and spits them out whole. "I'm getting to be a grandfather figure to these guys," Woody grumbled not long ago. "I think sometimes we get along too well, that maybe I'm too nice to them."

Although the 61-year-old Hayes can still "land on you and get outrageous," as Quarterback Cornelius Greene marvelously describes it, there does seem to be crumbling at the edges of his brick-

and-mortar exterior. The signs were there even before his June heart attack. "He's not yelling at us as much," one player says, "because he doesn't have to."

The Ohio State offense looks as if it could be even better than the one that placed fourth nationally in rushing last year and fifth in scoring. The rapid development of sophomore Pete Johnson at fullback hastened Elia's return to linebacker and keeps Champ Henson frustrated as the No. 2 man. Elia scored 14 touchdowns after Henson injured his knee early last season, and Champ, who has since recovered from surgery, was the nation's leading touchdown scorer two years ago. But Johnson scored three TDs in the 42-21 Rose Bowl win over Southern California and he gained 162 yards in the spring game. "He's the strongest running and best blocking fullback I've ever had," says Hayes, who has had some beauties.

Johnson is a devastating addition to a backfield that already includes Griffin, the quicksilver Greene and versatile Wingback Brian Baschnagel. Although Hicks is gone, the blocking front remains strong with All-Big Ten Tackle Kurt Schumacher and Center Steve Myers.

The defense, fourth overall and last against scoring last year, doesn't suffer from the reacquisition of Elia and the shifting of Arnie Jones, who also returns to linebacker after an outstanding year in the front four. "Playing fullback was kind of boring," says Elia. "On defense you never know where you'll be. I decided I liked defense better last year so I kept reminding the linebacker coach not to forget me."

Elia says the newest troika of linebackers will be "more physical than last year's. We make sure we hit somebody. Gradishar liked to finesse people. I like to smash them."

Defensive Tackle Cusick is no less aggressive. "There's nothing I enjoy more than hitting a halfback," he says with an odd sort of grin, "especially when he doesn't see me coming. It feels the best when he hits the ground and you have your helmet stuck in him." All-America End Van DeCree does not avoid contact either. The defense is not all blood and guts, however. Deep Back Neal Colzie scored four touchdowns last season and led the country's punt returners with 679 yards.

Striking power like that made Ohio State the No. 1 team for most of 1973 as

it pulverized the opposition by more than five touchdowns a game before its celebrated 10-10 tie with Michigan. Given new life by a 6-4 vote of the conference athletic directors—a vote Hayes expected to go against him—the Buckeyes trounced the Trojans in Pasadena. "My greatest victory ever," Hayes said, but the damage had already been done. Just as in 1970 when a Rose Bowl loss to Stanford spoiled another certain national championship, Ohio State had let the hug one get away.

"I'm getting too old to worry about those things," Hayes says unconcerningly. "They picked a team that hadn't lost, and we had to tie. But I'll say this," and now his voice hardens—"there wasn't anybody better than us."

Hayes feels much the same about Griffin, "the best back we've ever had," he says, laying to rest any comparison you might want to make with Jim Otis or Hopalong Cassidy. "Archie was the best in the country last year and he'll be the best this year."

With his 4.5 speed, bullish upper torso and shtirly moves, Griffin might well be. His career has been every bit as sensational as the 239 yards he gained in his freshman debut suggested it would be. But because Hayes' "button shoe" offense invariably lets the fullback carry inside an opponent's 10, Griffin has scored only 12 touchdowns in his career.

Archie is not one to complain, however. Nor did he object last May when a team "draft" put him behind the second offensive line and at the mercy of the first defensive front in the spring game. It was Hayes who expressed concern. "For some kids, that would be good," Woody said. "It would teach them a few things. But not Archie. He doesn't need it."

Griffin does seem to have proper hold on himself, perhaps the result of having three brothers who played college ball before he did. He speaks winningly of his linemen, his unrewarded substitute, Woody Roach, and especially his coach Of the Buckeye offense he says, "If it's not gonna be me, it's gonna be Cornelius. And if it's not either of us, it's gonna be the fullback."

Whoever, or whatever, the result should be overpowering. Because they have finally added an 11th regular-season game, the Buckeyes could have their winningest season ever. If they do not, Woody is likely to land on somebody and get outrageous again.

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...AND THE REASON IS WOODY'S MACHINE

by ROBERT VARE

In his younger days they called him Johnny. As a kid in the tiny Ohio town of Derby, where his parents ran a small farm and raised a family of six, it was even Little Johnny. Then, as now, he was short but athletically inclined, a spunky baseball player who hoped to become a Hall of Fame shortstop like his hero, Honus Wagner. Instead he became one of the wealthiest men in America, owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates, breeder of championship horses, close friend of Coach Wayne Woodrow Hayes and chief benefactor of the Ohio State Football Machine.

Today almost every Ohioan knows who John Wilmer Galbreath is. They know he changes the face of cities with the stroke of a pen, puts up skyscrapers, factories, warehouses, housing developments and whole towns all over the world, and even now, at 77, may visit New York, California and Hong Kong within 24 hours to check on his holdings. And some are aware that next to concrete and steel, his heart belongs to the Buckeyes. It has been said that nobody, save Woody Hayes himself, has done more over the years for Ohio State football than John Galbreath.

Galbreath is an important component of the Ohio State Machine. He is the best known and one of the hardest working members of a group called the Athletic Committee, a predominantly alumni organization whose 300 active members in Ohio and across the country help recruit high school stars for the Buckeyes, provide Coach Hayes with his strongest

personal support and contribute large sums of money to the football program. The committee, founded in 1946 with 100 members, used to go by the name "Frontliners" until the Big Ten said it sounded too predatory and requested a name change. But its activities haven't changed much. It is the heart of the Machine.

"You want to know what my attachment is to Ohio State football," says Galbreath. "Well, you can't live in Columbus and not be part of it. We don't have big-league baseball, football or basketball, so the Buckeyes are our team."

"I have all kinds of ties to the university. I myself graduated from Ohio University in Athens but my son got a degree from Ohio State in business administration, and my daughter went there and my sister, too. But the main thing is Woody. You just can't turn him down when he calls up to ask for a favor. Especially when you see how dedicated he is to the young people. I'm the same way. I just love talking to the young people and helping out wherever I can."

Galbreath has been helping Buckeye players for years, rewarding their grueling efforts with jobs that aren't difficult, hours that aren't demanding and salaries that aren't stingy. If a high school football star can just meet Ohio State's academic requirements, he can get a summer job working for Galbreath in one of his many many offices, on one of his many construction projects or at his 4,400-acre Darby Dan Farm.

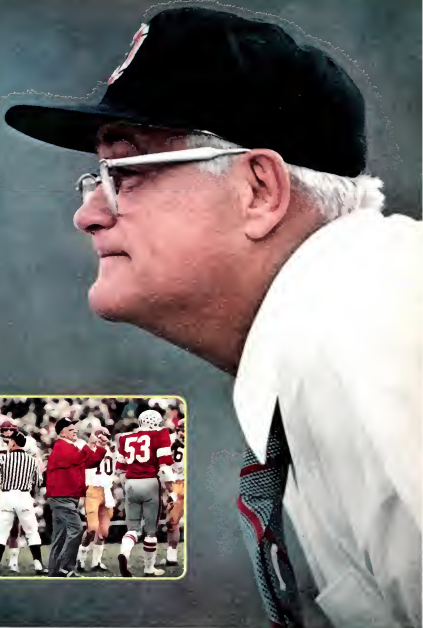
In earlier days he could do much more.

Players from poor families looked to Galbreath as a one-man welfare agency. He would tell them how to fill out their tax forms, find employment for the fathers, help pay their monthly bills. Sometimes a player would benefit more directly. He promised to lend money and give a job to Vic Janowicz if he would become a Buckeye. Later Galbreath admitted buying a convertible for Janowicz and a suit of clothes for him to wear in New York when he accepted the 1950 Heisman Trophy. NCAA crackdowns and conference rule changes forbidding players to hold jobs during the school year took away some of Galbreath's opportunities to aid the Buckeyes, but today there are still summer jobs to provide and blue-chip prospects and their parents to wine and dine at the farm. And rumors persist that even now, on occasion, he is not averse to throwing his arm around a high school star and promising to do all he can for him.

Galbreath is not a typical Buckeye recruiter, but he is not that unusual either. Most of the committeemen are wealthy. Some, like Galbreath, are company presidents. Many are contractors, insurance men, doctors, lawyers and judges. Others run government agencies, stores and hotels. For all of them recruiting is a full-time avocation and a labor of love.

Each one keeps his membership in the committee by flushing out and proselytizing the hot football prospects in his area. Most contribute to athletic department coffers and buy tickets to annual athletic department outings and dinners.

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FOOTBALL *continued*

And many enjoy doing favors for players, such as arranging lucrative summer jobs or giving stereos and clothes at Christmas or making loans that sometimes don't get repaid. Countless players have been made happy by their committeemen, and they, with their performances on the field, have made countless committeemen happy.

The recruiter's rewards are good seats at home games, status and identification with a successful football program. As long as he keeps finding and selling the prospects and Ohio State keeps winning games, it is an awful lot of fun to be a committeeman.

Some committee recruiters have helped land more quality players than they can remember. Take Frank Lafferty, who is in the motel business in Warren, Ohio. He has been recruiting in and around his hometown since the Hayes era began, and his track record is one of the best.

"We don't lose very many that we really want," says Lafferty, "and this is a great area for high school football. The idea is to keep after them and maybe help them find a summer job if they need it. We have contacts all over the area. Now, Paul Warfield [former Ohio State half back and All-Pro receiver with the Miami Dolphins], we got him a job with the state highway department. We got Van DeCree, our starting defensive end this year, a job with Republic Steel. Randy Gradishar, the All-America linebacker . . . visited him about 25 times before we got him, but he didn't need a job. His father runs a supermarket. . . . Do we offer any other inducements? Well, we're not supposed to do it . . . uh . . . we don't do it."

Though men of vastly different resources and life-styles, Galbreath and Lafferty perform key functions for the Machine. With every one of the nearly 750 high schools in football-happy Ohio covered by a committeeman, it is almost impossible for an athlete with talent to go unnoticed. Upwards of 40,000 kids play varsity football annually in the state and they all have, thanks to the diligence of the committeemen, an opportunity to move on to Ohio State. The better the player, the better the opportunity. But in general fewer than a hundred of them will be considered blue-chippers and thus pried to pursue.

Texas, Pennsylvania and California might argue the point, but it has been

said by experts that Ohio is America's most fertile football recruiting ground. Besides filling two-thirds of Ohio State's roster and sending nearly 150 players to the other nine Big Ten schools last season, Ohio high schools supply dozens of college powerhouses across the country. Ohio boys appear regularly in the starting lineups at Notre Dame, Penn State, Alabama, Tennessee, Arizona State, Tulane, Nebraska and Oklahoma.

With at least 75 major schools participating in the annual chase for Ohio talent and competition getting fiercer, it is only natural that some committeemen are not above bending the rules. Big Ten regulations prohibit athletes from receiving financial aid beyond what is allocated for tuition and fees, room and board, and use of books. But it is tough to detect when a generous committeeman lends an athlete a color television set for a couple of years or sells him a car for five dollars.

One committeeman, a surprisingly candid wheeler-dealer who has helped recruit some of the best players in Buckeye history, is philosophical about the hanky-panky, concedes that it happens and even says: "A good committeeman can find a way to help his players." However, he asserts, "We have a much cleaner operation than most places because we don't have to cheat to win. Woody has the name and reputation. People know he's a winner and that year after year he turns out players good enough to go on to the pros and star there. And that's what most of these kids are thinking about, even if it is a little unrealistic; playing pro ball. So we don't have much trouble finding kids who like the idea of playing for Ohio State. It's like recruiting for IBM as opposed to a little 'Ma and Pa' outfit."

Above the committeemen in the Machine hierarchy are the assistant coaches. Each of the nine full-time Ohio State assistants is assigned an area. Seven cover various sections of Ohio; one is responsible for Pennsylvania, the other the East Coast, where recruiting activities have been stepped up in recent years. Each assistant coach travels through his designated territory whenever he can, gathering tips from high school coaches and maintaining close contact throughout the year with the local committeemen.

Since the assistant must know his turf, there is a good reason for who covers what. For example, defensive coordina-

tor George Hill, who was born and raised in the Cleveland suburb of Bay Village, covers Cleveland as well as nearby Stark County with its football-famous tri-cities—Akron, Canton and Massillon; offensive end and tackle coach Ralph Staub, a native of Cincinnati who starred at the University of Cincinnati in the early '50s and later coached there and at Cincinnati high schools, covers Cincinnati; quarterback coach George Champ, a native of Pennsylvania who coached high school football for a decade in Harrisburg, covers his home state; defensive backfield coach Dick Walker, who coached high school football in Cleveland for three years and is a Roman Catholic, covers Cleveland, concentrating on the city's talent-rich parochial schools.

The basic recruiting organization was devised a decade ago by Coach Hayes and an assistant coach named Lou McCullough. A short, tough and amiable man from Alabama, McCullough was surpassed only by Hayes himself in the ability to sell Ohio State to prospects in their own living rooms. After a decade of recruiting proficiency unparalleled in Buckeye history, McCullough quit in 1971 to become athletic director at Iowa State. But the recruiting army, now headed by assistant coach Staub, remains as strong and well disciplined as it was when McCullough left it.

"There isn't a better organization in the country," McCullough says flatly. "The key really is those committeemen. Their devotion is unbelievable. They go to the high school games, read all the newspapers, talk to the kids, to their parents, to their coaches, to their teachers—to anybody who knows the prospect. They're willing to work their tails off, and it doesn't hurt that they're usually very influential in the community."

"So when the assistant coach comes to a town, the first thing he does is meet with the committeemen in that town to get a thorough rundown on every decent prospect. And I mean it's thorough. Man, you find out everything about a kid right down to the brand of toothpaste he uses. You find out about the parents, too—what their likes and dislikes are. That gives the assistant coach a helluva head start. Recruiting is just like any other selling. You have to know what the customer likes and dislikes, wants and doesn't want."

Finding and selling are the gut work of the assistant coach and his committee

continued

FOOTBALL *continued*

recruiters. It begins in earnest in the spring of the high school prospect's junior year, when the assistants spend four weeks traversing their territories, talking to coaches and saying hello to a few players. In their briefcases are reports from committeemen on each prospect: his speed, size, moves, arm, statistics, family, leadership, church and handshake. To supplement the data, the assistants send out questionnaires to the prospects, get game films and confer with principals about classroom ability. The boy's academic work is important. The assistants know that few things make Coach Hayes angrier than losing a player to scholastic ineligibility. By the end of May the inquiries will have yielded a list of 300 to 400 preliminary candidates.

Finding and selling. In the fall of the prospect's senior year the recruiting army swings into high gear. Only then can active recruiting between coach and player take place. The coaches would like to start sooner—say, in the cradle—but NCAA rules prohibit it. By early fall the grade reports are in and so are the recommendations from coaches and opposing coaches, from teachers and employers, and, in some cases, from social workers. Meanwhile, graduate assistants crisscross the state every Friday night, viewing the candidates in action. Before long the original list is pared to between 75 and 100 top prospects. Then come the months when they will be courted, flattered, wheedled, capoled and badgered, until they either say no or put their signatures on a letter of intent. By early April, the end of the recruiting season, about 25 will have signed, always fewer than the NCAA maximum of 30. With such quality, there is no need for quantity.

The Buckeye recruiting army does not wait until the high school season is over to start its assault. Soon after the first game the prospect is bombarded with more questionnaires, personal letters, brochures, then phone calls, house visits from committeemen and assistant coaches. Mail, calls and bodies arrive according to a well-ordered timetable.

It is Coach Hayes' firm belief that there is no such thing as overselling. "Ring the doorbells" is his recruiting slogan. By ringing the doorbells, the committeeman or assistant coach gets to know the prospect—every prospect—and is in a position to head off any potential competition that might also be camping on the front lawn. It is no accident that in Hayes'

23 years as head coach, amazingly few top stars have eluded him. Wes Fesler, Hayes' predecessor, shied away from high-pressure selling because he thought it unfair to the "kids." This has not troubled Woody. His adage, on the lips of every committeeman, is: "Paralyze their resistance with your persistence."

There are rules in the Big Ten designed to keep a prospect from stumbling over recruiters during his senior year—and to keep the recruiters from stumbling over each other. In theory, recruiters may make only two visits to a prospect's home. Since the two-visit limit does not apply to people not on the official coaching staff, the rule favors schools with strong alumni recruiting organizations. Buckeye committeemen can and generally do make all the visits the prospect or his family will allow.

Of course, there is another way to get around the rules. "Bump-ins," they are called, and they are not infrequent. A bump-in is when an assistant coach or

This is an excerpt from "Buckeye: A study of Coach Woody Hayes and the Ohio State Football Machine," to be published by Harper's Magazine Press in association with Harper & Row Inc.

committeeman just happens to show up at the hamburger stand where the prospect hangs out, or at the bar his father patronizes.

If all the visits, prearranged and "accidental," accomplish what they are supposed to, the prospect's appetite will be whetted and he will be invited to spend 48 hours on the Ohio State campus. For this, the only expense-paid visit allowed, an ordinary blue-chipper and his parents can expect to be entertained lavishly, considering that Columbus is not New York or San Francisco. They can look forward to a guided tour of the campus, from the weight room to the library, a conference with a friendly dean or professor, tickets to a hockey or basketball game, cocktails with the coaches and dinner at a downtown rooftop restaurant, usually with Hayes and his wife Anne. Sometime during the visit, the ordinary blue-chipper meets a few members of the varsity, and a player he might have something in common with is provided as an escort to a party where he can meet girls. If the blue-chipper is extraordinary, he

can expect something more, namely a visit to John Wilmer Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm.

The farm is a vast stretch of landscape, 10 miles west of Columbus. The walls of Darby House are hung with the heads of game animals shot on East African and South American hunting parties. Where the stuffed animals leave off, the real ones begin. In Galbreath's very own game reserve roam zebras, impalas, water bucks, Thompson's and Grant's gazelles, sitatungas, lechwees and dozens of other exotic beasts. Nearby is the race-track where his Kentucky Derby-bound thoroughbreds sometimes train. You almost forget it is really a farm until you see the 2,300 acres of corn, wheat and soybeans. For coming and going, there is a 6,000-foot airstrip, long enough to accommodate Galbreath's private jet. Surrounding it all are 35 miles of white plank fences that a lot of Ohio State players have painted for fun and profit. It is the kind of spread that might have dazzled Kubla Khan, not to mention a high school youngster who is just learning to shave.

Some prospects are impressed less by wealth than by sports figures they have been hearing about as long as they can remember. Jack Tatum, John Brockington, Rex Kern, Paul Warfield, Matt Suell, Jim Parker, Hopalong Cassidy, John Havlicek, Jerry Lucas, Jack Nicklaus and many other premier ex-Buckeye athletes have been known to pitch in with phone calls and letters when called on by the Machine. Nicklaus once got on the phone with a prospect 40 minutes after winning the Masters.

When it comes to recruiting, the Machine can sometimes even count on Ohio's politicians. Quarterback Brian Dowling was watching television one afternoon his senior year in high school when a squadron of motorcycle police roared up to his front door. Terrified, Dowling opened the door to find his welcome mat occupied by Ohio Governor James Rhodes, who is best remembered for Kent State and his political rallying cry: "Profit is not a dirty word in Ohio." So impressed was Dowling with Rhodes' salesmanship that he enrolled at Yale. Such failures, however, are the exception.

The average head coach stays close to home during recruiting season. He may range afield for two or three exceptional prospects, but for the most part he assigns assistants to do the out-of-state

continued

work. As usual, Woody Hayes operates apart from the norm. He never seems to stop moving. From December to April he is likely to make eight trips to the New York area, six to Pennsylvania, two to Washington, D.C., three to the South and one to the Southwest, to say nothing of repeated forays throughout the Midwest. And despite the heart attack he suffered last June, no one who knows him expects the Hayes pace to slow.

Even the long-distance runner needs a firm kick, and in the recruiting marathon few men run the gun lap like Hayes. Most coaches will sit on a prospect's living-room couch, rubbing their hands raw, looking nervous and wide-eyed, talking nonstop. Their pitch is predictable. They promise a starting spot by the youngster's sophomore year, at the latest, marvel at how he will fit in so well with their particular offense or defense, emphasize the big money such and such ex-player got when he turned pro, go on about why it is better to play on their artificial turf and in front of their fans and predict nothing but national championships and Heisman Trophies in the prospect's future. They harp on technical football, drawing diagrams of their prototype offense or defense ad nauseam.

The Hayes approach is different. Inside the prospect's living room, with the appropriate committeeman at his side, he is an island of calm and composure. Serious and attentive, he sits up straight, hands folded on his trousers, and speaks sparingly. When he does talk, his voice is soft and low and the corners of his mouth turn up sympathetically.

The low-keyed manner is disarming and it is meant to be. He knows that because of his reputation most recruits and their parents expect him to be all hot lava and rage. So when he shows up at the door bestowing benign smiles, nodding respectfully, asking light-hearted questions and exuding charm instead of being pushy and antagonistic or, God help us, breaking up the furniture, the hosts smile back gratefully. They are relieved, if not entranced. And after he leaves they may ask: "Now how in the world could that wonderful man be the same one we've always heard about?" With that question, ever so common, the hook is in, the sale assured.

Actually, Hayes has two approaches, one for the prospect and another, much stronger, for his parents. With the player himself he is direct and businesslike,

hoisting up a challenge and promising nothing. This tactic is designed to appeal to the athlete's competitive instinct. He is negotiating from strength. Everybody knows Ohio State is a very large school, spends a lot of money for football, plays on television two or three times a season, produces plenty of All-Americans and professionals and has won big for many years.

"Now, son, we think you're a hitter," he will say. "We think you can play a lot for Ohio State."

Then the prospect may nod and timidly offer up the observation that Ohio State might already have enough good football players to keep the seat of his pants in touch with the bench. Hayes' answer never varies.

"Now we think you're a 110-percent-er, son. You come with us, dig in your heels and prove you're the best. You just have to ask yourself whether you're man enough to be a Buckeye."

The message hits hard. But the real work is done on mom and dad, and, with them, there is seldom a mention of football. The talk is all about education, or at least what you can get from one—about how so many of his players graduate, about Ohio State's wonderful faculty, lofty academic ranking, magnificent placement bureau. "Ah, so your son wants to be a doctor. Well, we've got the best darned medical school in the country and here's something that will interest you: three years in a row one of our football players was the No. 1 medical student. . . . You say your son wants to go into business. Well, we've got a great business administration program. Oh, it's a dandy program. . . . He wants to be a veterinarian? We've got a fine department there. . . . Law school? None better. And we can help him get in, too. . . . Ummm-hm. . . . Ummm-hm. . . . Don't believe what you hear about us being a football factory."

If the family still isn't convinced that Ohio State is a cross between Harvard and MIT, the educational line of talk will continue, with emphasis on practical advantages and end results. "Now if your son plans to live in Ohio, it just doesn't make sense to go anywhere but Ohio State. He can make the contacts he needs and we can help him. And at Ohio State, there's a good chance your boy will get his degree, because 84% of our ballplayers do and most graduate in four years." The claim is difficult to certify, since the

OSU registrar refuses to release the names of football players who graduated with their class, asserting only that "most of them did." A check of the 1973 *Football Register* shows that only five of the 24 former Buckeyes on pro teams at the start of the 1973 season had managed to earn their degree.

Hayes will keep going until sunrise if necessary, with the loyal committeeman at his side, to help the boy and his parents make up their minds. Recruiting is the name of the game, and each prospect represents an investment—months of visits, official and unofficial, dozens of letters, postcards and telegrams, and hundreds of phone calls. The payoff comes every Saturday afternoon in the fall when the touchdowns and field goals are totaled. If the committeeman comes through, he will be patted on the back by Hayes and used again next season. If he does not, he will be ignored, his name scratched off the active membership rolls. That hurts. "Those committeemen really take pride in their work," says McCullough. "If a company has a man who doesn't produce, who isn't selling enough, they get rid of him for somebody else, don't they?"

Once or twice a year the Buckeye recruiting corps musters in Columbus. These gatherings exude the aura of a High Mass with the committeemen sounding their praise of the Hayes regime. The committee's "salesmanship school" in August, with Coach Hayes lecturing on how to recruit and passing out awards, is an example of organizational strength that should freeze the blood of opposing coaches.

"When you've got an organization like Ohio State, you're going to get the top prospects," says Duffy Daugherty, who coached at Michigan State for 19 seasons. "These sponsors take the boys under their wings and they have the resources to treat them royally. It's become the custom for them to arrange a job that will enable a boy to earn as much as \$2,500 in two summer months. The small schools with piddling recruiting organizations don't stand a chance."

Besides the 300 core committeemen in Ohio, Pennsylvania and points east, the Machine has contacts from Florida to California, from Texas to Canada, and even in Europe, a good place to look for placekickers. Most of the contacts are drawn from the ranks of alumni who have scattered throughout the Western

continued

FOOTBALL *continued*

world. They don't get to Ohio Stadium much anymore and they are not official members of the Athletic Committee, but their memories are long, and it is nice to know they can still contribute to the cause by tipping off the Buckeye coaching staff whenever a "good one" comes up where they live. Then, too, there are the former assistant coaches and players, many of whom have remained loyal to Hayes. They prove it by keeping a sharp eye out for prospects and, when asked, working to get them.

The expanding terrain of the recruiting army is reflected by the Ohio State roster. Fifteen years ago, only one of the top 40 players came from outside Ohio, and he happened to be from a Kentucky town just across the river from Cincinnati. Today fully one-third of the squad is from out of state.

Along with recruiting, another Machine component that has been precision-honed is tutoring. It too has contributed to the extraordinary success of the big-time football operation at Ohio State. The purpose of the tutoring program is simple—to lift the grade-point average of every player to "C" or better so he'll be able to keep putting on the pads. It works. According to Assistant Director of Athletics James Jones, who is head of the tutoring program occupies the position known in football jargon as "the brain coach," only one Buckeye player has been lost to academic ineligibility in the last eight years.

"Sure, we have a commitment to football and winning games," says Jones, who supervises nightly study halls and a team of two dozen tutors, while keeping his speech, hair and handshake in the Marine drill sergeant style of the '30s. "We have an investment in each kid, and if he's a flunk-out, we've lost our money. O.K.?" But we also have a moral commitment to each kid. O.K.? Our revenues from football are just tremendous. Now if these kids don't get an education we've cheated them, because we live off their efforts. And we're proud, mighty proud, of the fact that eventually about 85% of our players get their degrees. We really feel equally committed to the two goals—the winning and the education. O.K.?"

A different version is offered by Greg Thomas, director of Ohio State's black education center and unofficial adviser to a number of black players. "That's so much jive. They hold up these high graduation figures and, dig it, they say, 'See

what a fine education our boys get? Well, damn, when they have to make the choice between eligibility and education, ain't no way they're going to pick the education. Like some of the black dudes have told me the coaches go through some changes when they ask to take courses that might be a little more demanding academically or ideologically oriented—that might mess up their head for football. They want the players taking popcorn stuff like physical education, recreation or business, which are easy and safe and where they know most of the teachers aren't going to give anybody a hard time, especially football players."

Another major component of the Machine is public relations. Ohio State has three full-time sports information officials and one unpaid publicist, Paul Hornung, who happens to be sports editor of the *Columbus Dispatch* and is no relation to the former Green Bay star. Hornung is Woody Hayes' idea of what a newspaperman should be, someone who is delighted to go along with Hayes' edict that local reporters be part of the team—a kind of propaganda arm of the Machine, parroting the official line and avoiding stories that could be distracting to Buckeye players or psychologically useful to the opposition.

If Hayes wants to see a certain story, he'll just tell Hornung. "Let's write this one up, Paul," and brief him on needed background. If the story is to be kept out, he will simply say "to hell with it" and go on with other work. Hornung never argues. He has been there since before the Hayes era began, a product of the Ohio State journalism department, sometimes even wearing the school colors, scarlet and gray, in the press box.

When an out-of-town columnist criticizes Hayes for tactics, temper or politics, Hornung will answer the charges by writing that the detractor is misguided and a fool. Then he will return to the bland player interviews, official pronouncements and dreary catalogs of how many Buckeye leaves the coaching staff awarded each player for his work in last Saturday's game. This is news that's fit to print, unlike blowups at practice, weaknesses in the passing game or disciplinary problems on the team. As Hayes so often says, "When I want to read about the bad things I look at the front page. When I want to read about the good things I turn to the sports page and Paul Hornung."

Other Columbus reporters are less friendly, but since they have to live with Hayes, they're rarely hostile. "Nobody ever really challenges Woody," says one. Tom Keys, sports editor of the *Citizen-Journal*, observes sadly, "You go to a practice. You see or hear something and the old man says, 'I don't want to see *that* in the newspaper' or 'I don't want to see *that* in the newspaper.' You make a choice, if you want to cover practice again, you don't put it in the newspaper."

Recruiting, tutoring, propaganda—each a vital component of the Machine. But the most important element of all—the fuel that keeps the parts running evenly—is money. Since most college football organizations spend more than they care to admit, finances are always a cloudy subject, and the situation at Ohio State is no exception. Only Hayes and a few administrators know precisely how much there is and how it is spent. As coach, Hayes controls the treasury and tells his athletic director what the budget will be, not vice versa as at most schools.

The spending is lavish. Even in a lean recruiting year, when most of the prospects are mediocre, Hayes may still shell out \$100,000 for a recruiting campaign. Insiders say that Ohio State will spend as much as \$50,000 just on its coaches' recruiting travel expenses, which is more than most Big Ten schools' entire recruiting budget. That, plus the long-distance phone call blitz and visits to the campus—another \$50,000—means the money going out for recruiting easily surpasses that of almost every other school in the country.

So do the expenditures for nearly everything else, as the Ohio State athletic department's own figures attest. In 1972-73 the payroll for coaches and trainers ran to more than \$350,000. Football scholarships cost another \$260,000; clothing and equipment, \$70,000; films for games and practice sessions, \$37,000; meals and lodging for the team, \$124,000; and transportation, \$37,000. The spending is higher than nearly every other school's and going higher. And sitting on top of what is officially reported to be a \$1.6 million football budget, Woody Hayes pronounces it all worthwhile. "Football," he says, "is the most wholesome activity on our campus."

It is also the most profitable. Unlike Texas, Tennessee, Michigan State and other major powers that have recently

continued



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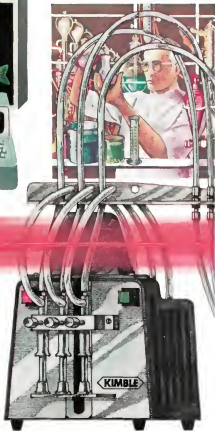
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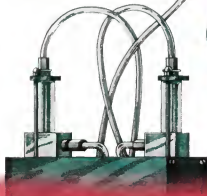
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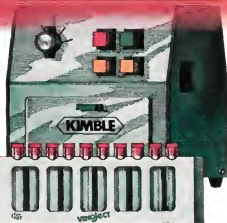
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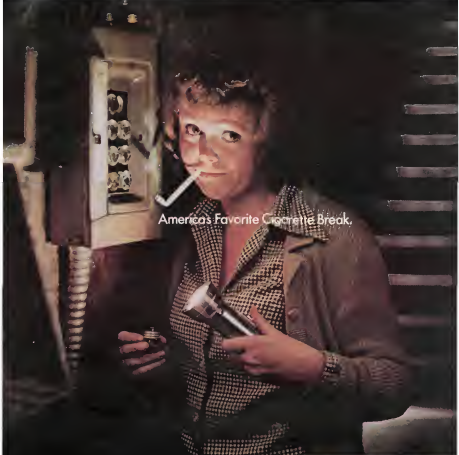
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FOOTBALL

fallen on hard financial times, Ohio State's football program still operates solidly in the black, cranking out a surplus of as much as, and sometimes more than, \$2 million a year.

The money flows in from a number of sources. Gate receipts, or "turnstiles," as Buckeye athletic officials like to call them, are far and away the biggest revenue producers. The Buckeyes grossed \$3 million from ticket sales in 1972-73 along with \$250,000 in ancillary income from program sales, concessions and parking fees. From television and radio another \$250,000 went into athletic department coffers, and alumni gifts earmarked for scholarships added \$100,000.

"I don't like to talk about our budget because the figures get used out of context," says OSU Athletic Director J. Edward (Big Ed) Weaver, a physically imposing man of 6'4" and 230 pounds who played for the Buckeyes in the '30s. "I will say this, though. We make a small profit from basketball, but I'd say 98% of our income comes from football. We are totally self-sustaining and I'm proud of the fact that we never take a dime from the university, even though costs are rising all the time. We haven't had the apathy that you have at a lot of other schools. I think you'll find football interest here higher than anywhere else in the country. I don't care if you're talking about Lincoln, Nebraska, South Bend, Indiana or Tuscaloosa, Alabama."

What happens to the football profits? Much of it goes back into the football program to assure its lopsided superiority. Out of what is left the athletic department has enough to finance 17 other intercollegiate varsity sports, pay the \$135,000-a-year debt service on its sports arena and field house and add to its \$2 million investment fund. But not a penny goes to the intramural or club sports programs that are available to most of Ohio State's 46,000 students. Some of those students are upset about it.

"It's a rip-off," says David Lutz, a journalism graduate who covered sports for a year on the *Ohio State Lantern*. "They always have plenty of money for football. But when it comes to a student participating in athletics, that has to come out of the university's general funds and there's never enough money around. Only this year after a huge lobbying campaign did the athletic department break down and finally give some money to

women's varsity sports. But they still have to be forced to care about students participating in athletics. Why shouldn't they do something for the student? Business is good."

And getting better. It's no accident. The Machine's vast resources have made it nearly impossible in recent years for Big Ten opponents—except Michigan, which also has a financially successful football program—to present anything more than quivering resistance on the gridiron. Week after week Hayes makes his fans happy, keeps his team motivated and shows his muscle for the national rankings by rolling up landslide victories over adversaries who cannot afford to recruit, train or equip the way his Machine can. The undermanned, underfinanced opponents are lucky to score even one touchdown against him, just as they are lucky, in certain cases, to field a team at all, since they don't fill their stadiums, don't play on TV and don't get much in the way of donations from grateful alumni. It's a classic re-getting-richer cycle.

"We smaller schools in the Big Ten just don't have the wherewithal and, as a result, there's no balance anymore," says Francis Graham, athletic department business manager at the University of Iowa. "Ohio State has the highest athletic budget in the country—\$4.3 million. Michigan has a \$4 million budget. Our budget is \$1.5 million for all sports and we're just breaking even. We really can't afford to bring kids all the way across the country to visit our campus. Either we drastically cut back on scholarships and de-emphasize winning or all you'll have left is the Ohio States. And I personally don't think college football should boil down to the survival of the fittest."

Graham, like many athletic officials in similar straits, believes the only answer may lie in sweeping NCAA reforms: imposing spending ceilings; limiting or even eliminating recruiting; reducing the size of football squads, returning perhaps to one-platoon football.

With calls for change getting louder, the widely respected Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, along with the Ford Foundation, has decided to support a proposed study of college athletics. The result is expected to be even more scathing than the first Carnegie Report—the most thorough and scholarly on the subject to date—which

found many abuses in collegiate sports, especially football, stemming from what it called "the growth of professionalism" and "excessive organizational discipline." The Carnegie Report was published in 1929.

Woody Hayes, in countless speeches, lambastes the criticism, any and all, past and present, as "a plot to undermine football" and concedes nothing. "I say again, and I am proud of it, football is the most wholesome activity we have on this campus . . . the only place a youngster learns teamwork, mental discipline and the value of hard work . . . where the men who teach the youngsters aren't openly encouraging permissiveness and protest. . . . And I can't think of an activity that's more valuable. The whole student body benefits from what we do, not just the athletic department. . . . University fund raisers tell me every time we win and fill the stadium and unify the students and alumni, it makes raising money much easier. . . . We provide wonderful publicity for the university. I don't think anybody will deny that."

Hayes knows that most people around him say he is right. He does not have to find excuses for any part of the powerful conglomerate of money, high-pressure recruiting, tutoring and special treatment out of which emerge his winning football teams. The distant ramblings of discontent with big-time, big-business college football are beginning to be felt across the country by students, faculty, administrators, alumni, players and even some coaches. But not by Woody Hayes.

"I don't think many people around here are against a big-time program," he has said. "We have more than 85,000 seats in our stadium and every one of them is filled every game . . . people from all over the state, no matter what their politics or religion or color . . . they love and rally round the Buckeyes."

It was almost 45 years after the Carnegie Report was issued that Hayes got up to speak before a downtown Columbus Rotary Club meeting that began with prayers for Richard Nixon and an undefeated season. Amid loud applause, grim but full of confidence, Woody said "Somebody asked me the other day what I thought these so-called critics wanted and I said, 'I know what they want. They want to destroy college football.' Well, damnit all, they're *not* going to destroy a very wonderful American institution."

CONTINUED

**Ever wonder why
the phone works when
the lights don't?**



If you're ever unlucky enough to find yourself browned or even blacked-out, the first thing you'll probably do is pick up a telephone. And, in all probability, it'll work.

Even though it runs on electricity.

Unfortunately, that tends to make us (the phone company) look good, and them (the power company) look not so good.

It's unfortunate because the comparison isn't really fair. And, once you understand just why the phone works when the lights don't, you'll see that while we both have problems, ours is a little easier to solve.

(For the purposes of this explanation, try to imagine you're back in Science 101.)

The demand on electrical energy peaks during the warmer months and this is the time when shortages are more likely to occur. No small problem for the power utilities.

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So you see that in the event of a power shortage, when the juice dries up temporarily, the phone company becomes wholly self-sufficient.

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But, until we can all lick this energy problem, only one word really matters when the lights go out.

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CAN ANYBODY CATCH THE BUCKEYES?

The battle for the 1974 national championship may well resemble a scene from last season's Rose Bowl. As Ohio State's Pete Johnson rumbled 38 yards against USC (right), an array of Trojans trailed in his wake. This fall the Buckeye fullback and his teammates are still out front, but others are in hot pursuit.

As usual, the strongest challenges will come from teams with substantial running power—the kind belonging to such perennial contenders as Oklahoma, Alabama and Notre Dame. Sooner Coach Barry Switzer's simple strategy is "You run the ball first." It might also be said, "You run the ball to be first."

There is ample evidence that ground-oriented teams, especially those with Veer and Wishbone attacks, are more successful than those that pass frequently. Last year triple-option teams had a higher winning percentage, scored more points and, interestingly, fumbled less often. Ten of the country's 15 best rushing teams finished in the Top 20, compared to just two teams with leading passing attacks. Only Arizona State ranked in the top 15 in both offensive categories. The other successful passing team, Kansas, lost David Jaynes and will come busting out of the Veer this season. For many of the best teams, passing has become passé.

Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian offers one logical explanation. "There are simply more good runners around," he says. And Switzer notes, "The offense doesn't make the runner. The runner makes the offense."

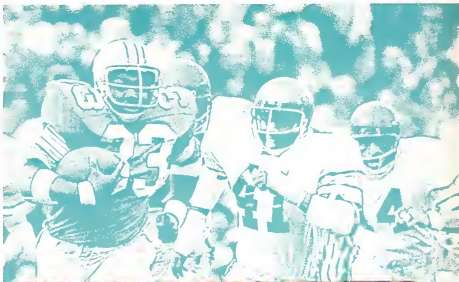
Where are all these baby bulls coming from? Joe Paterno of Penn State and Frank Kush of Arizona State credit improved high school coaching. Veer architect Bill Yeoman of Houston points to the presence of black runners in every part of the country.

"The trend toward running," Bear Bryant says, "is directly related to the success that schools like Texas have had with it." Bear should know. When Alabama's passing game flazied in the late 1960s he dumped it for the Wishbone. Durrell Royal, who developed the Wishbone and shared it with Bryant, holds that consistent winning and strong running are merely factors of the same equation.

Thus, for the time being it is the runners, not the quarterbacks, who are dominating the game and causing the loudest roars. Some of the best are shown on the following pages, along with the rest of the nation's Top 20 teams.

CONTINUED







SCOUTING REPORTS

2 OKLAHOMA

You remember Kerry Jackson, the hot-shot quarterback whose high school transcript was altered, resulting in Oklahoma being put on probation for two years and costing the Sooners three 1972 victories as well as (presumably) any chance to boom in the 1973 season. Well, Jackson is back, eligible again this year, although Oklahoma is still on probation. And in spring practice he was third string, which indicates the nature of Oklahoma's talent. Another clue is that the Sooners finished undefeated last season and were ranked third in the nation. In 1973, his rookie year as head coach, likable Barry Switzer, who had been building the formidable OU offense and recruiting program for five years as an assistant, was named Coach of the Year by at least one reputable nominator. That offense could be even more fearsome this season, if that is possible.

Eight starters return, including two backs, and one of the departed backs was primarily a blocker. Moving into his slot at right halfback will be either senior Grant Burget or freshman Elvis Peacock, and both are speed freaks. Burget actually was the fourth starter last September, but was injured in the opening game. In his junior year he gained 283 yards. Elvis Peacock, by all that's right and proper, should be a pop singer, but in this life he is one of Oklahoma's hardest-won triumphs of the recruiting wars. Assistant Gene Hochevar made six trips to Miami, and Switzer two, as did recruiting chief Jerry Pettibone. Actually, Peacock wanted to stut his stuff at Oklahoma all along, but his mother wanted him to play closer to home. Wooing Mom cost more

than \$2,000 in transportation alone. Quarterback will be safe with junior Steve Davis, an erstwhile redshirt QB in for the maltranscripted Jackson; Davis passed for almost 1,000 yards and ran for almost 1,000 more. Fullback Waymon Clark rushed for 1,014 yards last year but in August Coach Switzer had to put him off the team for disciplinary reasons. Jim Littrell will take over the position. That leaves Left Halfback Joe Washington, advertised as "the most dangerous and exciting running back ever to play at Oklahoma." Washington lived up to his billing by rushing 1,173 yards and picking up 482 more on punt and kickoff returns.

The line is fine, with bottomless depth, and Split Ends Tinker Owens and Billy Brooks averaged 26 yards per reception. The defense, where seven starters are gone, is more problematic. Although Nose Guard Lucious Selmon has graduated, the Sooners can console themselves with his brothers, Tackles Dewey and LeRoy. All-America Linebacker Rod Shoute, who runs 40 yards in 4.5 seconds, brings other people to very sudden stops: Randy Hughes is thought to be the best safety in the Big Eight; and Tony Peters is a highly regarded cornerback. But, says defensive boss Larry Lawell, "We had 10 really outstanding players on defense last year. This year we have four or five." However, Glen Coeaux at nose guard and Jimbo Elrod at linebacker would please a lot of coaches. Look for OU's defense to be quicker but smaller.

It could be an 11-0 season for the folks who dwell in the land where toilet paper has an OU monogram and where football is bigger than a new oil well. But 11-0 isn't good enough. A 12-0 would be more like it, but that's impossible.

3 NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame's chances of repeating as national champion have suffered grievously since that giddy moment of triumph in the Sugar Bowl. Injury, accident and the firm hand of discipline have cut such a

swath that another title seems unlikely.

The graduation losses were slight—one lineman, a linebacker and two defensive halfbacks—but the school's ninth national championship and 18th unbeaten team has been depleted by less agreeable events. Eric Penick, a two-year starter at running back, tore ankle ligaments in spring practice and will not be at full strength until midseason at the earliest. Non-football injuries eliminated probable starting Guard Steve Quehl and Punt Returner Tim Simon. And dormitory violations during summer school led to the expulsion of six rising sophomores. Among them were Defensive End Ross Browner, who led the pro-quality front four in tackles last year, Luther Bradley, who paced the secondary in interceptions; and speedy Al Hunter, who was slated to start for the recuperating Penick. So much for the luck of the Irish.

Before these unfortunate episodes, Ara Parseghian was hard pressed to find anything significant to fret about. He talked, instead, of the evils of complacency, the difficulties of repeating as national champion and the uncertainties of his kicking game. "People tend to overlook the role of the center in kicking situations," Ara said solemnly. Yes, someone answered, quite probably people do.

Now, with his depth and experience undermined, Ara does indeed have cause for concern. To comfort him, however, are eight offensive and six defensive starters from last year.

Unflappable Quarterback Tom Clements is the key to the Irish hopes. He was Notre Dame's total-offense leader last season, with 1,051 yards in the air (eight touchdowns, 54% accuracy) and 434 on the ground (four touchdowns, four yards per carry). Clements is so respected by his teammates that he will be their offensive captain this fall, an honor such Notre Dame quarterbacks as John Huarte, Terry Hamratty and Joe Theismann never enjoyed. And even though he is receiving the same kind of Heisman Trophy buildup, Clements is unaffected by being elevated to the Irish Pantheon. "Playing here is just a three-year experience," he says. "Notre Dame doesn't mean the same to me as to someone who's been around here a long time."

Clements' savvy execution of Notre Dame's wing T led the Irish to a school-record 3,502 rushing yards last year. Of course, said execution consisted in large measure of routine hand-offs to Fullback

continued

It takes more than one man, much less a fallen man, to stop Oklahoma's Joe Washington.



FOOTBALL continued

Wayne Bellock and Halfback Art Best, both of whom gained over 700 yards. And who is to minimize the kind of blocking that returns Gerry DiNardo and Steve Sylvester provided at guard and tackle?

In a moment of graciousness, Split End Pete Demmerle once said that the real reason for last season's success was the Irish defense. While the offense ranked a modest fifth in the country, the defense stood second. Five of those defenders are gone, including three backs, but Tackles Mike Fanning and Steve Niehaus and Linebacker Greg Collins make for an imposing nucleus.

The only tough game is the traditional meeting with USC, this year to be played in Los Angeles, where the Irish have won only once since 1962.

Parseghian may have created a small, though lucrative, problem by accepting ABC's \$200,000 offer to open against Georgia Tech in Atlanta this Monday

night. That is almost two weeks before the previously scheduled start, two months before the original date with the Yellowjackets and two days after Parseghian's daughter is to be married. One would think that the father of the bride had enough on his mind.



Just before going under for the third time, one of the many coaches who saw his team inundated by the Crimson Tide last season is reputed to have said, "I don't exactly know what Alabama has, but they sure do have a lot of it."

Call it depth, for one thing. Alabama had it in abundance, and this year the talent pool is nigh on fathomless. Bear

Bryant is so well stocked that finding suitable replacements for 10 departed regulars involves little more than going eenie, meenie, mynie, mo. Hardly anyone on the playing fields of Tusculooosa is wanting for experience. Last season Bryant employed 66 players a game, so 1973 was, in effect, just one long tryout for 1974.

So profusely proficient were the subs that Wilbur Jackson, the team's leading rusher and the No. 1 draft choice of the San Francisco 49ers, was lucky to average a scant nine carries a game. The impact of 'Bama's mass attack is deadly simple: hit by wave after wave of fresh troops, enemy resistance tends to gradually give way, as evidenced by the fact that last season the Tide outscored its rivals in the fourth quarter by the stunning margin of 141-23.

Of course, Alabamians know all too well that for some mysterious reason Bear's boys are winless in seven consecutive bowl games. Following a perfect 11-0 season and with the national championship so tantalizingly near, Alabama

Tom Clements of Notre Dame threw a sweet pass in the Sugar Bowl, and he runs, too.

must count its 24-23 loss to Notre Dame in the Sugar Bowl last New Year's Eve as its undisputed No. 1 frustration. That may be one reason why Bryant, now 61 and still given to retching before games, is hanging in there looking for one last campaign with a happy ending.

Graduation made its deepest dents on the offensive side by claiming Jackson, All-America Wide Receiver Wayne Wheeler and both tackles, All-America Buddy Brown and three-year starter Steve Sprayberry. Also among the missing is Punter Greg Gantt, whose 48.7-yard average would have led the nation except that, playing for a team that rarely arrived at a fourth-down while averaging 481 yards a game in total offense, he did not have the requisite number of kicks.

Alabama is twice blessed at quarterback with the return of Gary Rutledge, the slick-faking leader of the Wishbone attack, and Richard Todd, an irrepressible bootlegger who was the team's second-leading rusher last season with 360 yards. At running back, returning starter Randy Billingsley will be joined by sophomore Calvin Culliver and juniors Mike Stock, James Taylor and Willie Shelby, who for all their youth managed to total more than 1,000 yards rushing last fall.

Defensive End Mike Dubose, who tossed opponents for losses totaling 92 yards last year, is the ranking veteran in a new five-man front that makes up in potential what it lacks in playing time. The state of the rest of the defense may be judged from the fact that Linebacker Conley Duncan, the most valuable player in the spring game, is still trying to make *aroud* team. It is perhaps understandable, considering that he is playing behind All-America Woodrow Lowe, a virtuoso of the flying shoestring tackle. And with starters Mike Washington, Tyrone King and Ricky Davis back to patrol the secondary, "Bama can afford to let Wayne Rhodes, who led the team with four interceptions last year, rest on the bench for a while.

With Maryland, a growing power, joining traditional bloodletting rivals Tennessee, LSU, Ole Miss and Auburn, this year's schedule is considerably tougher. But who knows? With a few

breaks—if nothing else, the law of averages should be on Alabama's side in postseason play—1974 could again be the Year of the Bear.



Predicting that USC will rule the Pacific Eight is about as gutsy as saying that Trojan alumnus John Wayne will gun down the bad guys in his next epic. Washington State Coach Jim Sweeney, referring to USC's dominance of West Coast football and Coach John McKay's white hair, calls the Pacific Eight "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." USC has gone to the Rose Bowl six times in the last eight seasons and will likely make the short trip along the Pasadena Freeway once again come New Year's Day, perhaps to play Ohio State for the third straight year. There are at least two good reasons for picking Troy: an easier schedule and a lighter Anthony Davis.

Any season that has the traditional Notre Dame game in the Los Angeles Coliseum rather than in South Bend has got to look brighter. And Oklahoma and Georgia Tech have been replaced by a somewhat weaker pair, Iowa and Pittsburgh, although Pitt is no longer anyone's patsy. There are plenty of high hurdles left, namely trips to Arkansas, Washington State and Stanford and back-to-back backbreakers at season's end, UCLA and Notre Dame. Last year's 9-2-1 record could improve to 12-0, which would be McKay's fourth unbeaten season, but it won't be a cakewalk.

As for Davis, who was the regular, switch-hitting rightfielder for the NCAA-champion USC baseball team, McKay says he will play at about 185 pounds, 15 lighter than in 1973. Less Davis could mean more yardage and more points.

"Football players get a lot of advice," says McKay. "They told him he should play bigger. You want to eliminate as much advice as possible, but it's difficult."

"We showed him in film where a year before in a given situation he would have gone for a touchdown, and last year he

made 10 yards. He still had a good year, made good yardage, but he is far better than he played."

That is a fairly scary statement, since A.D. scored five touchdowns against Cal and ran and passed for two in the Rose Bowl. He is best remembered, of course, for scoring six TDs against Notre Dame as a sophomore. He has the talent to become USC's third Heisman Trophy winner, following Mike Garrett in 1965 and O.J. Simpson in 1968. All Heisman voters should be in Pittsburgh on Sept. 28, because that is the day Davis will match fakes and footwork with the Panthers' talented sophomore, Tony Dorsett.

If Davis is not quite as durable at 185, it will not matter too much because McKay plans to give plenty of playing time to sub Tailbacks Allen Carter and Ron Jamerson (who played *abroad* of Davis in Pop Warner football in the San Fernando Valley). If that *array* is not enough to scare opponents, USC has Pat Haden, another in a long line of fine quarterbacks (Pete Beathard, Steve Sogge, Bill Nelsen) and a first-class student who McKay says is the best at his position in the country. Not only that, the best college quarterback McKay has ever seen (and he played with Norm Van Brocklin at Oregon).

"There is no one even close, regardless of what people say," says McKay. "I've had them all, and I've seen all the All-Star games, coached in a lot of them, and Pat's the best. Anything you want a quarterback to do."

What Haden did last season was break three USC records, tie two others, lead the Pacific Eight in total offense and passing percentage and make Academic All-America with a 3.74 grade average in English. As targets this season he has the coach's son, Johnny McKay (not a Jr. because he has a different middle name), sophomore flanker Shelton Diggs and Tight End Jim Obradovich, who excelled last season when he wasn't jumping offside. Haden, Davis & Co. will have some good muscular protection en route to various end zones, notably senior Center Boh McCallfrey, whose older brother Mike played for the Minnesota Vikings, and a sophomore "foreigner," Marvin Powell from Fayetteville, N.C.

California produces a large crop of fine football players, and McKay does not go talent hunting elsewhere without good reason. In the case of the following four defenders there was evidently ample jus-

continued



FOOTBALL continued

tification: Tackle Gary Jeter from Cleveland; two-time All-America Linebacker Richard (Batman) Wood from Elizabeth, N.J.; Nose Guard Otha Bradley from St. Joseph, La. (which is near Lake Babin, of all places); and Tackle Art Riley from Phoenix, Ill., where he played football and basketball with Indiana's Quinn Backner. The local kids are not bad either, including experienced Outside Linebackers Ed Powell and Dale Mitchell.

Three of the defensive backs were starters last year, the most interesting being Marvin Cobb, who started at shortstop on the championship baseball team and hit .329. He also plays pretty good classical piano and sports a high grade average, which, he says, "becomes even higher every time Coach McKay speaks at a banquet."

"Our primary goal every season is to go to the Rose Bowl," says McKay. He knows how to get there.



Some sports-minded universities would trade a physics lab, a homecoming queen and two vice-chancellors for the kind of football season Nebraska had last year. The Cornhuskers appeared twice on national television, averaged 76,000 in attendance for their home games (making Memorial Stadium, in effect, the third largest city in the state on those six Saturday afternoons), beat Texas in the Cotton Bowl to cap a 9-2-1 season and finished seventh in the final AP poll. Still, there was a bit of discontent in Lincoln, even a few scattered boos. A tie with Kansas for second place in the Big Eight and a 27-0 loss to Oklahoma were not as bad as a corn blight, but almost.

Second-year Head Coach Tom Osborne and his staff have made some changes to get more pep and punch in the offense. Tony Davis of Tecumseh, Neb. has been moved from I back, where he gained 1,134 yards in the regular sea-

son as a sophomore, to fullback. Normally, a Nebraska fullback is strictly a blocker, hanging into charging linemen so many times that by season's end he is two inches shorter. Davis is a good blocker, but he will run from his new spot. He averaged more than 20 carries a game last year, and the coaching staff has no intention of shackling him. That means the opposition will have two runners to worry about now, not just the I back.

"He's happy at fullback," said Osborne. "I don't think he would want to return to I back. Tony likes to hit people, and that's what our fullback does."

The replacement at I back will be either John O'Leary, who was impressive when he got to play, or Jeff Moran, who carried only 14 times in '73.

Actually, there might be a third runner in the Cornhusker backfield—Quarterback David Humm, the left-hander from Las Vegas who heretofore has been known as an exceptionally good passer but a man even more reluctant to run than his predecessor, Jerry Tagge. Last season Humm buzzed home 109 of 196 passes in the regular season for a 55.6 percentage and 12 touchdowns. He added five of 13 for 75 yards in the Cotton Bowl. But he carried only 41 times in the 12 games for a net gain of 16 yards—most of those "carries" were quarterback sneaks or sacks. Yet in the spring game, while not exactly looking like another Johnny Rodgers, he did gain 44 yards in six carries. One run was good for 28 yards.

"Dave has found himself as a runner," said Osborne. "You're always torn at how much to run your quarterback, but he'll run for us."

As usual, Nebraska is solid almost everywhere. Wingback Rich Buhe returns to run reverses and nab passes, and the rest of the club is loaded with talent—a lot of it from far-off California, which used to be Osborne's recruiting territory when he was an assistant to Bob Devaney. Split End Dave Shumlin, Offensive Tackle Mark Doak, Tight End Larry Mushinski, Defensive Tackle Ron Pruitt and Safety Mark Heydorff all figure to start and all come from the Golden State, which has been prime mining country for the Big Eight for years.

"There is so little difference between 11-0 or 10-1 and 7-4 or 6-5 in the Big Eight," says Osborne. "We will be good, but I don't know whether we'll be the former or the latter."



Houston is flashy. The versatile Veer, abetted by the Astrodome rug, was responsible for a whopping 363 points last year, including the 47-7 destruction of Tulane in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl. Houston, 11 and 1 in '73, will dazzle in '74, of course, but the Cougars' principal strength may be the defensive line. One of the front four, Gerald Hill, has been moved to middle linebacker, and a pro scout who saw him last spring marveled, "Nobody should be able to be a down lineman for two years and then move to linebacker and play like he does." The current four are Larry Keller, 6'8" Mack Mitchell and two returning sophomore starters, Lee Canallito and 285-pound Wilson Whitley. All are exceptional athletes—"The only thing that could deter them would be fat heads," says Coach Bill Yeoman—but ex-basketball player Mitchell might have the most pro promise. He runs the 40 in 4.6, not bad for a 250-pounder. "That is fast," says Yeoman, "whether you're a runner, a receiver or a cornerback."

"Canallito and Whitley are the best pair of defensive tackles on any team I've ever coached. I wouldn't trade them for any two in the country. They are just great now and are going to be super."

Elsewhere the defense looks solid, with such standouts as Cornerback Robert Giblin (five interceptions in '73) and Linebacker Bubba Broussard.

Yeoman has two serious problems. Four of the first five games are away, and Quarterback D.C. Nobles has graduated. The Cougars will be run by David Husmann, whose father Ed played defensive tackle in the NFL and AFL. His backup is Chuck Fairbanks Jr., son of the New England Patriot coach who once was on Yeoman's University of Houston staff. Husmann and Fairbanks played a total of 29 minutes behind Nobles last year.

At least they will have talented men to give the ball to. They can hand it to Donnie (Quick Draw) McGraw, who rushed for 556 yards and a 6.2 average; Reggie Cherry, who scored 12 TDs; and

Able to leap over tacklers in a single bound, Anthony (A.D.) Davis is USC's Superman.

continued

FOOTBALL *continued*

averaged 5.9 per carry; or Marshall Johnson, who does the 40 in 4.3. Or the quarterbacks can fling it to one of the team's top eight receivers, all of whom return, and three of whom averaged better than 19 yards a catch last fall.

Helping the backfield veer in the right direction is an offensive line that returns intact save for one man. It is headed by Pulling Guard Val Belcher and a 280-pound sophomore, David Brooks. In fact, there are two 280-pounders up front, Brooks and Everett (Big) Little.

"Brooks, along with Little, could give us the physical strength that we haven't had in some time," says Line Coach Billy Willingham. "A spring of very hard work, a good conditioning program this summer and natural maturity made David a better prospect in '74."

Houston is still an independent, not being allowed to compete for the Southwest Conference title until 1976. And SWC schools do not seem anxious for '76 to arrive. Rice, the cross-town rival, is the only league school scheduling the Cougars this season. The rest of the schedule is not much tougher, with Arizona State this week, Miami and Georgia the major hurdles. Houston may not be 11-1 again, but it will not be much worse.



In the bayou country of Baton Rouge folks like to say that shambling, amiable Charles McClendon is "the kind of man who never meets a stranger." If so, then 1974, with 40 of his 58 lettersmen returning, including every last running back who wore a purple and gold uniform last fall, looms as one big reunion of the friends of Cholly Mac.

That being the case, it would also be reasonable to assume that all McClendon has to do this time around is stick with a good thing, namely LSU's reliable old line formation, and watch it get better with a little help from his friends. But as McClendon is the first to admit, a lot of things can become outmoded twist the hand-off and the hole. While en route to

a 9-2 record last season LSU got burned often enough by new variations on the old formations as to be twice warned. In a game in which standing pat often means losing ground, McClendon has countered with his own variation on a theme: if you can't defend it, steal it. So when LSU debuts against Colorado at home next week, Tiger fans will get their first look at what McClendon calls "planned improvisation," more commonly known as the Veer.

A prime requirement for the Veer is good running backs, and LSU has a lot of them. Brad Davis, who needs but 404 yards to better Billy Cannon's all-time LSU career rushing record of 1,867 yards, and such classy costars as Steve Rogers, Lora Hinton, Terry Robskie, Brian Zeringue and Ken Addy are being billed as the finest contingent of running backs to inhabit the Baton Rouge campus since the Bengals first began to play football in 1893.

But with so much talent returning, it was perhaps inevitable that the Tigers would suffer at least one crucial loss. That occurred in June, when senior Mike Miley, LSU's all-purpose quarterback, signed with the California Angels and went off to play shortstop for their El Paso farm team. Now LSU must find a replacement for Miley pronto. Top contenders are senior Billy Brownard, Miley's alternate last season, and sophomores Don Griffin and Carl Otis Trimble. Trimble, a converted tailback who scored 10 touchdowns in five Baby Bengal games in 1973, is rated as just the kind of flashy, versatile threat the Veer needs.

The Veer also requires a big bully of a tight end, and LSU has a mean one in All-SEC Brad Boyd, the team's leading receiver last year. Wide Receivers Ben Jones and Richard Romain will also be back to haul in the long tosses. The offensive line, hurt by the loss of three starters, including All-America Guard Tyler Lafauci, should develop.

McClendon says of his defense that "we hope to be as tough as anybody in the country." Two good reasons for his confidence are Steve Cassidy and Adam Duhe, a pair of 240-pounders who accounted for 107 solo tackles and 38 assists last season. A junior, Cassidy has started 24 consecutive games since arriving at LSU, and Duhe, a sophomore, was a regular at the age of 17. Linebackers Bo Harris, Thiel Smith and Terry Hill should make up for the loss of Warren

Capone while Safety Mike Williams anchors a strong secondary.

No team ever breezes through the rugged SEC, and LSU will have an even tougher time of it this season with the addition of Tennessee, a "jinx team" the Tigers have not defeated since 1933. Even so, Mac's pack has won nine games each of the last five seasons, and 1974 should be no different.



When it comes to poor-mouthing, Joe Paterno is not a perennial pessimist. In fact, he has been known on occasion to be a glowing optimist. Imagine then the consternation of Nittany Lion fans when Joe came away from spring drills muttering about the possibility of a "disastrous year." Let anyone doubt the depths of his gloom, he went even further: "This is the worst spring practice I've seen in 25 years."

For sure, Paterno's cup does not runneth over with vintage talent; in fact, it is more than half empty. No fewer than 13 starters from last year's undefeated, No. 5-ranked team, including 10 National Football League draftees and three All-Americans headed by Heisman Trophy winner John Capcicelli, have graduated. And considering that last season Paterno did not start a single sophomore—much less a freshman—there is not exactly a surfeit of surefire replacements on hand.

Indeed, the Blue-White intrasquad game last spring might more appropriately have been called the Black-and-Blue Bowl. Not only did 27 players miss the affair due mainly to injuries, but the best the survivors could do was run up a measly total of 10 points. "Frankly," said a dour Paterno, "I don't think this is a very good football team now. We don't have any leadership. A lot of our people made no effort to get better this spring. The intensity is not there."

But none of his rivals is about to be fooled by, much less feel compassion for, a man who sports a 75-13-1 career record and the best winning percentage (.848)

continued

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FOOTBALL continued

among active college coaches. Still, any close assessment of the 1974 Nittany Lions must conclude that this is a team being rebuilt on imperdables.

Offensively, the good news in the Pennsylvania hills is that Quarterback Tom Shuman, named the outstanding offensive player in Penn State's 16-7 victory over LSU in the Orange Bowl, will be back. "The only difference between the situation we faced in 1970 [the only season in the past seven that Penn State did not finish in the Top Ten] and this year," says Paterno, "is that we have a fine quarterback." Though Penn State went to the air only 183 times in 11 games last fall, Shuman should be firing more often now that Cappelletti is gone. "Sure, we're going to have to throw the ball a lot more," concedes Paterno. "Just how much will depend on proficiency."

Shuman can throw, all right (1,375 yards and 13 touchdowns last year), but Tight End Dan Natale and Flankers Jim Easte and Dick Barvinchak, a converted quarterback, will be hard pressed to make up for the loss of three top receivers. "I think leadership is what this team is going to need the most," says Shuman, all but declaring his candidacy.

What Penn State's depleted offensive line needs is a good menacing tackle, and 6'4", 249-pound Jeff Bleamer, one of the few bright spots in Paterno's dim spring, should more than suffice. He will be blocking for Tailback Walt Addie, who averaged a crumpling 7.2 yards a carry last season as Cappelletti's backup, and Fullback Tom Donchez, who replaces the departed Bob Nagle.

Like Shuman, the opposition figures to do a lot more passing, since Jim Bradley is the only experienced defender in the deep secondary. Though the loss of a pair of All-Americans like Tackle Randy Crowder and Linebacker Ed O'Neil is not suffered easily, the return of Tackle Mike Hartenstein and Ends Dave Graf and Greg Murphy to the starting lineup should make the Nittany Lion defense almost as uncompromising as ever.

Summing up, Paterno says that since "we showed in the spring that we couldn't move the ball, we're considering some drastic changes to get more versatility. Every position needs a lot of work. Nothing is really solid except the kicking game, and even there we lose the man who snapped the ball for two years and our best return man."

Though they host a tough, nationally

televised opener against Stanford next week, the Nittany Lions are thankful that four of their first six games are at home, where they have lost only twice in the past seven seasons. "Yeah," says Paterno, "that's a break—if we can play football." That question should be conclusively decided in the second half of the season in confrontations with Maryland, North Carolina State and Pitt, the three other teams along with Stanford that possess the potential to defeat Penn State. Anything worse than a 9-2 season would qualify as a "disastrous year."



Darrell Royal is worried about Leaks, not in his defensive line but in his offensive backfield. Roosevelt Leaks, who had become the second-leading rusher in Texas history by gaining 1,415 yards (and averaging 6.2 yards per carry) last year, tore most of the ligaments in his right knee during spring practice. A few weeks later Royal spoke at a Texas Medical Association dinner and admitted that the trauma had caused him to reverse field on spring training. "I think we have too much contact," said Royal, obviously a shaken man. "I'd cancel the whole spring to have that one fullback. Practice wasn't that important."

A number of Longhorn-watchers think that if Leaks cannot play, a freshman, Earl Campbell of Tyler, Texas, will wind up with the job. Campbell was one of the most pursued high school stars ever, and his admirers say that he will eventually surpass Leaks' records, but Royal keeps mumbling about junior letterman David Bartek and sophomore Pat Kennedy. Other people believe that Leaks' knee will be the subject of a faith healing sometime before next week, when Texas opens against Boston College, and that Royal's next medical speaking date will be at an Amos Seiple McPherson memorial luncheon.

In either event, the backfield should be better than the Longhorns presently admit. Marty Akins, the highly competent quarterback, returns, and so does No. 2

man Mike Presley, who isn't no hound-dog neither. Raymond Clayborn, who averaged 7.8 yards per carry last season, could be a sleeper to wake up the crowds. If Bartek does not move there, Joe Aboussee and Jimmy Walker are at least adequate at the other halfback spot.

Assistant Head Coach Mike Campbell demurs partially from Royal's new version to spring scrimmages. "I don't think you can teach a person to play the piano without having him hit the keyboard," he says. Stalwarts like Defensive Tackles Doug English (6' 5", 250 pounds) and Fred Curn (6' 4", 240 pounds), Linebacker Wade Johnston and Defensive Halfback Terry Melancon will again be reading enemy keys. Admittedly, Back Jay Arnold and Rover Gary Yeoman will be difficult to replace, but Linebacker Dave Nelson, Defensive End Rick Burleson and Tackle Cornell Reese looked sharp in spring practice and should help shore up the front fences.

On offense, consensus All-America Center Bill Wyman, who was responsible for many of the thruways Leaks traveled last year, will be sorely missed, as will Tight End Parker Alford, who was killed in an auto accident last month. But Wyman's younger brother Jim is a 6' 2", 230-pound center and there is a striking family resemblance on the field. In any case, there are not many coaches around the country who would kick tackles like Rick Thurman and Bob Simmons or guards like Bruce Hebert and Will Wilcox off their teams.

Actually, if you can believe some of the talk around Austin, the Longhorns' successes are getting a little boring. "Texas clobbers everyone," one sports watcher says. "The few times they don't, they get clobbered. Maybe 40% of the students are into the game. The rest worry more about their dates than whether Texas wins or loses." In fact, after last year's 52-13 thrashing by Oklahoma, the sports editor of the *Daily Texan* boycotted football, filling his columns with cross-country results and stories on the prospects of the wrestling team.

Rank ingratitude, some might say. Unnecessary, says Darrell Royal, because "there is going to be a drop-off; I don't think we'll be as good as we have been in the past." However, he also ominously says, "We aren't sacking up the bats before the ball game starts." When football coaches start using baseball metaphors, expect something sneaky.

continued

FOOTBALL continued



MICHIGAN

Which is the only team to have been ranked in the final Top Ten each of the last five years? If you said Nebraska, Ohio State, Notre Dame, Alabama or Penn State, you're dead wrong. The answer is Michigan. Under Bo Schembechler the Wolverines have gone 48-6-1 over the last half decade. In Bo's "worst" season, 1969, Michigan won eight of 11 and upset Ohio State, while Schembechler was named Coach of the Year.

That brings us to the end-of-the-season record—and here poor Bo is bidding to be the Tom Landry of college football. Four of his six losses, and the tie, have come in season finales, three in scheduled games, two in the Rose Bowl. And even the tie was a loss, one might almost say. Last year Michigan lost its finale not on the scoreboard but to the Big Ten athletic directors. After Michigan managed to tie mighty Ohio State 10-10, the Big Ten still picked the Buckeyes as its Rose Bowl representative.

According to nasty rumor, the major consideration was the injury suffered by Wolverine Quarterback Dennis Franklin in that game. Ironically, Franklin's shoulder mended so rapidly that he was able to throw again before New Year's Day. Which was doubly bad news for the athletic directors. Besides destroying their reputation for omniscience, it meant that Franklin was going to be very healthy for 1974. In '73 "healthy" means 959 yards of total offense.

Fullback Ed Shuttlesworth, third leading rusher in Michigan history, and Wingback Clint Haslerig have graduated. To compensate, last year's trio of tailbacks—who together ran for 1,672 yards—will be scattered to three positions. Gil Chapman moves to wingback. Chuck Heaster (only 205 pounds) goes to fullback and Gordon Bell remains at tailback. That gives Michigan its alltime fastest backfield. Which is good. Franklin can throw 60-yard lightning bolts, but Michigan's excellent receivers sometimes

Running is the heart of Michigan's attack, and Gil Chapman is a man to keep it pumping.



drop them—occasionally from sheer surprise that Bo allowed the team to pass.

The front line has great size and depth, most particularly on defense. In the last four years Michigan has yielded only 6.62 points per game. That makes winning easier. Behind the line, enemy passers stand in such awe of Safety Dave Brown that most of his 76 tackles last year came on running plays. Linebacker Steve Stranko was in on 137 tackles, a record, and Carl Rees had 94 stops. Altogether, Michigan should do very well in its conference, the Big Two plus Medium-Sized Eight. Stanford and Colorado, tough outside foes, should fall. That would carry Michigan to another epic struggle at Columbus.

Despite having a student body that is the farthest to the left in the Big Ten, Michigan takes football just about as seriously as any Columbus Rotarun. While Tom Hayden was editing the *Michigan Daily* and founding Students for a Democratic Society in the '60s, mobs of students still poured through Hoover Street on Saturdays to march on Michigan Stadium. Two months before the Black Action Movement strike paralyzed the university in 1970, many of the same people had sunned themselves in the Rose Bowl. Does so much victory cloy the students of Ann Arbor? Not on your (Henry) Wallace button. During the dull moments they risk the town's celebrated \$5 pay-by-mail marijuana fine. When the third quarter ends they follow tradition and pass the empty Stroh's beer bottles 90 rows to the stadium's outer wall. When Michigan goes ahead by three touchdowns, 90 rows of lecherous young men pass assorted cuds up to the same wall. This will happen often in 1974.



Over the years, with only a few exceptions, this has been Missouri: run into the line, run wide, third down and eight, draw play, punt. Field position, tough defense, pass only when you're behind and time is short. Last year the Tigers

scored 13 points against Nebraska, unbeaten at the time. Nothing so amazing about that. Wisconsin, North Carolina State, Colorado all scored more. But Missouri won the game, holding Nebraska to 12. That's Missouri for you. Trouble is, 13 doesn't always do it. The Tigers scored 13 against Colorado and Kansas and came away a loser both times, by four points and one point. The Missouri defense was the second best in the Big Eight, giving up only 12.1 points a game, but the offense was next to last, producing 16.8. The team won its first six games, then staggered in with four losses in its last six. Only a 34-17 romp over Auburn in the Sun Bowl made the end of the year worth remembering.

Now Coach Al Onofrio hopes the offense will have more zip without sacrificing any Big D. Passing may become a part of the Tiger attack. Ray Smith took over as starting quarterback at the end of last season and threw for two touchdowns in the Sun Bowl. But the major cause for excitement is Steve Psarkewicz, known to teammates as Zark, a red-shirt sophomore who, Onofrio insists, has "the strongest arm of any passer we've had at Missouri since I came here in 1958." He can throw both long and short and has an exceptionally quick release.

The hub of the Tiger running attack will be Ray Bybee, who was chosen as the outstanding player in the Sun Bowl. Bill Ziegler, who played slotback last season mostly a blocking and pass receiving (pass receiving?) position, has been shifted to tailback. Onofrio, recalling that Ziegler averaged 125 yards a game as a freshman, wants to take more advantage of his power.

But who will open the holes for the runners to run through, and who will give Smith and Zark time to pass? "Our big question mark is our offensive line," says Onofrio. "It will have to grow up in a hurry." Only three starters return, the best of whom is Steve Sadich, a guard.

The Tigers should be as tough as ever on defense, with nine starters back. Tackle Mark Johnson and Linebacker Scott Pickens are standouts. A sleeper at middle guard, one of the vacancies, may be 270-pound Danny Smith, who transferred from always powerful Fort Scott (Kans.) Community College.

Perhaps Missouri's most serious loss is Greg Hill, who for three years gave the Tigers the best field-goal and extra-

point kicker in the Big Eight, perhaps the country. He will be replaced by Tim Gibbons, a soccer-style sophomore who can kick the ball farther than Hill, but not as accurately.

The Tigers must play Oklahoma and Nebraska away, but otherwise the schedule is reasonable, if any Big Eight schedule can be called that. If the Tiger defense is as strong as last year, three touchdowns a game should give the team a 9-2 season and a bowl trip.



Motivation. Desire. Will to win. All those hoary locker-room bywords seemed freshly minted in Pittsburgh last year. And for good reason. Coming off a woeful 1-10 season, the worst in Pitt's long history, returning lettermen were ready to listen to any encouraging words. So when Johnny Majors arrived toting his copy of Norman Vincent Peale's *Enthusiasm Makes the Difference*, the Panthers were instant believers in his sermon that winning was not just a case of saving face but a test of manhood.

Majors' assistants were devout disciples, especially Jackie Sherrill who all but camped out in Aliquippa, Pa. for six months to land Tony Dorsett, the most coveted schoolboy prospect in the East if not the Western Hemisphere. As for Majors, who came to Pitt from Iowa State as a kind of patron saint of lost causes, he, too, had motivation aplenty. "It's a matter of survival. Either we go up or I got out."

Pitt, needless to say, went up, up and almost away with a turnaround 6-4-1 record, the Panthers' first winning season in the past decade. Dorsett, the 175-pound teen-age flash, was the big difference. He gained 1,586 yards rushing—second only to Mark Kellar among NCAA schools—and became the first bona fide freshman All-America back since the turn of the century. Majors, hip deep in all that will to win, was named Coach of the Year.

All of which introduces a new set of difficulties. While the Panthers were bent

continued

Photo: Christopher G. Kaufman/Photo.com



Once the experts



The people who service color TV say Zenith needs fewest repairs.

For the third straight year, a leading research organization asked TV service technicians from coast to coast which color TV needs fewest repairs. Zenith was again named most often.

This year, they were also asked which color TV has the best picture. Zenith was picked more than any other brand.

No wonder more technicians again named Zenith as the color TV they would buy for themselves today.

Question In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the fewest repairs?

Answers
Zenith 34%
Brand A 15%
Brand B 11%
Brand C 7%
Brand D 4%
Brand E 3%
Brand F 2%
Brand G 2%
Brand H 2%
Other Brands 4%
About Equal 18%
Don't Know 9%

Question In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best over all picture?

Answers
Zenith 33%
Brand A 20%
Brand B 9%
Brand C 9%
Brand D 8%
Brand E 5%
Brand F 3%
Brand G 2%
Brand H 2%
Other Brands 3%
About Equal 13%
Don't Know 4%

Question If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?

Answers
Zenith 31%
Brand A 18%
Brand B 11%
Brand C 8%
Brand D 4%
Brand E 4%
Brand F 2%
Brand G 2%
Brand H 2%
Other Brands 4%
Don't Know 13%

The people who own Zenith overwhelmingly choose Zenith again.

Again this year, a nationwide survey asked color TV owners if they'd buy the same brand today.

These are the people who know more about color TV reliability and picture quality than anybody. Because they've lived with their sets, year in and year out.

When the results of the survey were in, Zenith had won again.

For details of the owners' and service technicians' surveys, write to Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 North Austin Ave., Chicago, IL 60639.

Question If you were buying an other color TV to replace would you buy the same brand you bought before?

Answers
Zenith 82%
Brand A 70%
Brand B 69%
Brand C 66%
Brand E 63%
Brand F 58%
Brand H 51%
Brand G 49%
Brand J 49%
Brand P 47%
Brand I 46%
Other Brands 40%

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again, pick Zenith.

FOOTBALL continued

on living down their past year, they now face the equally formidable task of living up to their press clippings. Though any team that carried as many as 24 freshmen on its 52-man traveling squad could hardly be hurting for returning talent, it is true that Pitt's key losses were concentrated on the offensive line. Guard Reynold Stoner and Center Mike Carry should help to plug the gaps, but Majors insists that "I don't know what this year's kids will do. I'm not overawed by our offensive line by a long shot."

I like blocking. It's nice to knock down a guy who's 30 pounds heavier and see him limping back to his huddle."

It would also be nice, says Majors, to have another good receiver to complement Todd Toetpar, and "I'd love to have one more defensive back fall from out of the clouds." In the defensive trenches Majors already has the answer to a coach's prayer in Gary Burley, a 250-pound middle guard who led the team in tackles last season.

Burley & Co. will need all the muscle

14 GEORGIA

Vince Dooley has not had a losing season in 10 years at Georgia, but the cartoon showing him walking on water while carrying Bear Bryant has not been seen much lately. The Bulldogs had a 7-4-1 record in '73, including a victory over Maryland in the Peach Bowl, yet the perfectionists were not satisfied. Georgia fans booed the team on a number of occasions, critics made fun of the "three yards and a cloud of disgust" offense and there were even a few DUMP noisemaker bumper stickers around Atlanta after midseason back-to-back losses to Vanderbilt and Kentucky.

Dooley's teams have won two Southeastern Conference titles (1966 and 1968) and played in seven bowl games, but apparently he was not satisfied either. He put Offensive Coach Frank Inman in charge of recruiting and replaced him with ex-Vandy Head Coach Bill Pace, who was an assistant last year at Georgia Tech, of all places. Object: to install the Veer—"We hope to emulate Houston and North Carolina State," admitted Dooley.

It is a good time to retool an offense, for Georgia has a relatively easy 1974 schedule (Alabama is missing, and that is almost like winning a game). In addition, there will have to be a new quarterback, since Andy Johnson has departed. There are four candidates: junior Ralph Page, who bailed Johnson out a couple of times last year; Duckie Clark, up from the frosh; Matt Robinson, who played mostly safety on the freshman team; and another sophomore, Ray Goff, who hurt his knee in spring practice but appears to be the best prospect of them all.

Elsewhere Georgia is talented and experienced. Horace King, who grew up in Athens not far from the football stadium (a la Fran Tarkenton), will do most of the running from tailback. He can pass and catch, too. Split End Gene Washington (at least the third fellow with that name to catch passes in big-time football) is one of the fastest Georgia players ever—he ran the 100 in 9.3 in high



If not Majors, a lot of other people are impressed by the fact that along with Dorsett the Pitt backfield will again feature Quarterback Billy Daniels, a must-see scrambler who ran for 440 yards and 10 touchdowns last fall, and Fullback Dave Janasek, a punishing blocker who is proud to be called "GG," short for glorified guard. "If the best thing I can do for the team is block for Tony," says the 210-pound Janasek, "then I'll do it.

It was not coincidence that with the arrival of Tony Dorsett, Pitt went from 1-10 to 6-4-1.

they can muster this season to stave off Southern Cal, Notre Dame and Penn State, not to mention the upset-minded likes of Temple, Boston and West Virginia. If nothing else, the Panthers are delighted that no longer are people saying sniggering things like the turning point in a Pitt game is the opening kickoff.

school. Last year Washington led the SEC in kickoff returns even though he broke his ankle in the fourth game and missed the rest of the season.

The offensive line is one of the biggest in Bulldog history, with such specimens as Craig Hertwig (6' 8", 260 pounds) and Barry Collier (6' 6", 275 pounds), but the bruiser most talked about plays defense: sophomore Linebacker Sylvester Boler, the outstanding defensive player in the one-point Peach Bowl win over Maryland. After the game a Maryland player commented, "It's hard to score on 13 people. They had the official on their side, and Boler counts as two."

Dooley and the Bulldogs really had nothing to be ashamed of last year. They lost by one point to Florida, by four to Vanderbilt and by five to Kentucky; Alabama came from behind to win after trailing with three minutes to play. This year, if the Veer gets in gear and Boler bowls over runners in the manner expected, Georgia could be back to its record of three seasons ago, 11-1.

improved this fall, and he says it will stiffen because of changes in the offense. "We went to the Veer in spring practice as much to toughen our defense as to help the offense," the 32-year-old coach explains. "Essentially, the Veer comes right at you, and that's the kind of football we want our defense to play, too."

The Veer, with its scattershot triple op-

Tennessee Quarterback Condredge Holloway would be hard to stop even in touch football.

tions in two years while completing 59% of his attempts. Nevertheless, he seems perfectly suited to the run-oriented Veer. "He has more moves and is harder to get hold of than any back I ever saw," Bear Bryant once drawled. Holloway will work behind a talented line led by Guard Mickey Marvin and Tackle Phil Clabo. Marvin, a 270-pound sophomore, has already been compared to Tennessee All-America Chip Kelly.

Although inexperienced, Running



tions, will be executed by senior Quarterback Condredge Holloway. When the offense was introduced last spring Holloway was playing varsity baseball. But on the few occasions he wandered over to football practice to try his hand, his performance drew smiles. "We thought we had been doing pretty good with it until we saw Condredge," says Battle.

Holloway brandishes one of the most effective passing arms in Tennessee history, having suffered only seven intercep-

tions. Backs Paul Careathers and Mike Gayles have lots of potential. And when Holloway is not handing the ball off or running it himself, he can look to Larry Seivers and Stanley Morgan to catch it. Seivers has the moves, Morgan the speed.

A primary objective for new defensive coordinator Larry Jones, who came to Knoxville from Florida State, is improved end play. Ronnie McCarney, who won a starting job late last season, could be a bulwark at that position. *Andrew*

15 TENNESSEE

Those high-stepping Tennessee walking horses have had plenty of reason to prance in their nine years on the Neyland Stadium sidelines. Every year since 1965 the Volunteers have won at least eight games, played in a bowl and finished in the Top 20. No other team can make that claim.

But what about this year? The horses will strut and, odds are, the team will, too. Tipsters whisper, however, that the old orange mare ain't what she used to be. Bill Battle's fourth Tennessee team limped down the stretch last season, finishing out of the Top 10 and losing a bowl game for the first time. The breakdown occurred in the second half of an 8-4 season as the Vols dropped four of their last seven games. The blame was laid on the most porous defense since 1893. Just one season after the Volunteers were third in the nation against scoring, they ballooned to a 20-point-per-game yield.

Battle believes the defense will be much

FOOTBALL

other solid performer is Tackle Robert Pulliam.

The pride of the Volunteer defense in recent years has been its linebackers. Early last season Hank Walter seemed to be cast in the classic mold, winning National Letterman of the Week honors against Auburn. But two games later he was out for the season with a knee injury. Now he is back, fully mended.

The secondary, which has also produced a fair share of talent lately (Jim Weatherford, Bobby Majors, Conrad Graham), now offers Jim Watts.

Tennessee's kicking game is unsurpassed. Neil Clabo averaged 43.6 yards a punt last year, fourth best in the country. And Ricky Townsend, the Vols' barefoot boy and two-time All-America, returns to kick placements, though this season he will be shod. "My foot got banged around so much last year," he says, "that I decided I had to learn to kick with a shoe on." Townsend now wears a shoe with laces on the side. Last year his two fourth-quarter field goals beat Vanderbilt, and he accounted for 45 of the NCAA-record 105 consecutive extra-point conversions Tennessee made over the past four seasons.

The Volunteers get a bit of a break in the schedule. They don't play Florida and Georgia, and their two toughest non-conference opponents, UCLA and Kansas, are not as strong as usual.

All the more reason for that Tennessee walking horse to keep on tracking.



A little guts, football fans, to ease the shock of finding Maryland, a celebrated basketball and lacrosse power, in this year's Top 20.

1. Name the losing team in the first college football game ever televised (Oct. 5, 1940).

2. Where did Bear Bryant begin his collegiate head-coaching career?

3. Where did Tom Nugent, who invented the I formation, end his?

4. Who won the national championship in 1953?

5. Where did Big Mo and Little Mo, Dick Nolan, Mike Sandusky and Gary Collins play college ball? Not to mention the legendary King Corcoran of the Philadelphia Bell?

If you answered "Maryland" to all (or any) of the above, treat yourself to a crab cake and read on.

Two years ago, when Jerry Claiborne arrived at College Park, the glory days of Maryland football were a fading memory. Following Jim Tatum's departure in 1955 a succession of five coaches and 16 teams produced but three winning records. There were no bowl teams and only one All-America. Claiborne, a Bryant protégé who assisted the Bear at Kentucky, Texas A & M and Alabama, resuscitated the Terrapins.

Maryland finished 5-5-1 in 1972. Last year it was 8-4, with a Peach Bowl appearance, a berth in the final Top 20 and an All-America in Defensive Tackle Randy White. Not coincidentally, the Terrapins established a home-attendance record that has led to the expansion of Byrd Stadium's seating capacity. A few sportsbooks suggest that the gate swarmed because of the surravenous crowd who cooed on television commercials, "Maryland football turns me on."

What in fact turned Maryland football on is the 45-year-old Claiborne, whose record at Virginia Tech from 1961 to 1970 (61-39-2) put him among the top 25 coaches in the country. "He has so much confidence in himself that he makes a believer out of you," says Wide Receiver Frank Russell. "He's built that winning confidence in us. We've always had the physical ability. He's changed our mental outlook."

Claiborne is a strict disciplinarian, but his players approve of his "Yes, sir, no, sir" and 11 p.m. curfew dicta. "We had some talent before," says one former Terp, "but we needed tightening up."

Randy White is a good example of the new breed. When the All-America lineman was a freshman he weighed 212 pounds and covered 40 yards in a Terrapin-like 4.9 seconds. Last spring he was a solid 248, ran the 40 in 4.65 time and could bench-press 430 pounds. Last season White and Defensive Back Bob Smith keyed a defense that led the Atlantic Coast Conference for the second straight year and was in the top 10 nationally in both points and yards allowed. That defense returns eight starters: the offense 10.

With the starters having an additional year's experience, Maryland should eliminate the mistakes that cost it three ball games last season. West Virginia won on a 68-yard punt return with eight seconds left. Against North Carolina State the Terps blew a 17-0 lead and missed a late field goal to lose by two points. Georgia won the Peach Bowl 17-16.

"For the first time," says Claiborne, the 1973 ACC Coach of the Year, "we've got a great group to build on. Our front line will be all right."

Claiborne has a reputation as a defense-minded coach, but he has a penchant for *rashie* dazzle on offense: cross-field laterals, halfback passes and arounds. Tailback Louis Carrier rushed for 927 yards last year and completed eight of 11 passes—six for touchdowns. There is a little dandy in the Maryland playbook that has the quarterback lateraling to the flanker, who flips the ball back to the quarterback, who then passes downfield.

Claiborne can call on two quarterbacks, Ben Kinard, a versatile runner and passer, and Bob Avellina, a strong-armed thrower. They helped direct a balanced attack that averaged 351 yards and 28 points per game last year. Receiver Frank Russell is only three catches away from Gary Collins' school career record of 74. Additional punch is provided by Hungarian Placekicker Steve Mike-Mayer, whose brother Nick wacks three-pointers for the Atlanta Falcons.

If the Terrapins have a problem this season it will be the upgraded schedule that starts off with Alabama and Florida and includes N.C. State and Penn State back to back. But Claiborne is unconcerned. "Whether or not our record proves it," he says, "we will be a stronger team than we were last year."



Texas Tech's outlook for the 1974 season is as high as the top row of Jones Stadium, or as low as the bottom row. It all depends on what level redshirted sophomore Quarterback Tommy Dunne

continued

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FOOTBALL continued

has reached in his 20 daily runs up and down the stadium steps—after working eight hours on a nearby construction project. Duniven has the kind of arm that makes pros scout whistle, but running the option in the manner of Joe Barnes, who graduated last spring, is something else. Barnes led the Red Raiders both in total carries and in yards rushing, and he personally accounted for most of the big plays that kept Tech drives alive.

Couch Jim Carlen will also miss Tight End Andre Tillman, but he admits that he really is not alarmed about his receiving corps. "Our outside receivers are good," he says. "Lawrence Williams is All-Conference for sure, Jeff Jobe is good, and we have depth behind them." Carlen does question how much protection the passer will get, as well he might, because Texas Tech lost the whole strong side of the offensive line. However, an eager but inexperienced group should coalesce around quick Guard Floyd Keneey and Center Jim Fraure.

The defensive line presents no problems, with Tackle Ecomet Burley bulwarking it. Burley was named Most Valuable Lineman in the Sun Bowl as a freshman in 1972, and he made 102 tackles and caused five fumbles in 1973. End Tommy Cones, a salty type whose hobbies are eating oysters, fishing and surfing, plus Middle Guard David Knaus, Linebacker Charlie Boery and Defensive Back Curtis Jordan—who can backpedal 20 yards in 3.1 seconds and was named the team's MVP last year—are other causes for optimism.

The backfield seems equally formidable. Tailback Larry Isaac rushed for 526 yards and led Tech in scoring with 10 touchdowns as a freshman, although he was not a starter until very late in the season. John Garner and Cliff Hoskins are two good ones at fullback.

The Raiders could be even better than last year's bunch, which ranked 11th in the nation, defeated Tennessee in the Gator Bowl and lost only to Texas in an early-season game. Tech does not beat many teams by enormous scores, but its cautious style, always probing for the big breakthrough, wears folks down. The Raiders had only 12 turnovers last year, one per game. Carlen firmly believes that it is silly to drive 80 yards and not score and, worse yet, to cough up the ball in your own territory. The only coughing done in West Texas this year will be by opponents.



Its proper name is the University of Arizona, but it might just as well be called the University of Michigan at Tucson. The athletic director, the basketball coach, the tennis coach and even the president's wife have Ann Arbor backgrounds, and the influence carries over into football. Head Coach Jim Young and his top aide, Larry Smith, guided Arizona to an 8-3 record and the co-championship of the Western Athletic Conference last year. Both had served apprenticeships under Michigan's Bo Schembechler, and when Bo suffered a heart attack at the end of 1969 it was Young who took over as temporary head man for the Rose Bowl game.

What do you get when you cross a Wolverine with a Wildcat? Something fairly fierce, if 1973 was a good sample. It was Young's first season in cat country, and he managed to take a bit of the play away from Arizona State's Frank Kush, who, as it happens, played at Michigan State. However, at season's end Kush's Sun Devils won the intrastate war 55-19. They meet again Nov. 30 at Tucson, and most experts think that this time the result will be reversed. Arizona has 17 starters returning, including the entire offensive backfield, and did an excellent job of recruiting.

Young and his assistants corralled 59% of the 100-man *Scholastic Coach* high school All-America team (plus some honorable mentions) from as far away as Pennsylvania and—you guessed it—Michigan. It is doubtful that any of the freshmen or JC transfers will dislodge the members of the 1-2-3 backfield. Quarterback Bruce Hill, who wears the number 1 on his uniform, was WAC rookie of the year last season, completing 104 of 216 passes for 1,529 yards and nine touchdowns. He also ran for 386 yards. He is out of Fremont High in Los Angeles, the school that produced ASU's Tony Lorick and Arizona's Rickie Harris, two backs who went on to the pros. No. 2 is Fullback Willie Hamilton, the team's second leading rusher last year. No. 3 is Fullback Jim Upchurch, a se-

nior from Vallejo, Calif., who was the 16th best rusher in the nation last year with 1,184 yards and 10 touchdowns on 210 carries. The fourth back, Flanker Theopolis (T) Bell, has wow-ee statistics, too, but he wears 18.

Arizona's football heritage is not quite a match for Michigan's. In the 10 years before Young arrived the Wildcat records were, going backward, 4-7, 5-6, 4-6, 3-7, 8-3 (oh joy!), 3-6-1, 3-7, 3-7, 6-3-1 and 5-5. Arizona has beaten Arizona State only once in 11 seasons. The school has produced only two first-team All-Americans, Linebacker Mark Ameson in 1971 and Cornerback Jackie Wallace in '72, and neither was anywhere near a consensus choice.

Young, naturally, plans to change all that. Average attendance at Arizona Stadium, which seats 40,000, was more than 38,000 for Wildcats games last year and the alumni are clamoring for more seats. What does Young predict for this time around? "Another banner year," he says. "We've got depth, savvy, confidence. We can live up to the objective of '8-3 in '73, more in '74.'"

A Wolverine-Wildcat is an optimist at least.



In the two-year reign of that cheery racial Lou Holtz, North Carolina State has never lost at home, never lost at night and never lost while wearing red. The Wolfpack's recent 17-6-1 record is the best in the school's history and explains why Holtz, who was named for the old-time nightclub comic, is always smiling. Never mind that he looks more like a double-knit CPA than an expert on offensive football. And do not question how a 155-pound Kent State linebacker and, later, Woody Hayes' assistant coach, ever came to advocate throwing the football. Just accept the facts for what they are. Last year the Wolfpack was unbeaten in the Atlantic Coast Conference, zapped Kansas 31-18 in the Liberty Bowl for its second straight postseason victory and spent the rest of the winter en-

continued

FOOTBALL *continued*

joying its 9-3 record and watching David Thompson conduct basketball clinics.

Because the Wolfpack had two regular quarterbacks last year, the departure of Bruce Shaw is minimized by the return of Dave Buckey. A full-time Buckey means more and better passing, with many of the tosses being aimed at twin brother Don, the team's leading receiver. "I am very high on Dave," Holtz says "but I want to be careful about what I say because I don't want to put undue pressure on him."

The top performer in last year's Liberty Bowl was Fullback Stan Fritts, a two-time Academic All-America who already holds the school career scoring record with 214 points. Five of his touchdowns came against Wake Forest last year, one of three games in which the Wolfpack topped 50 points.

The other starting backs will be returning flanker John Gargano, a long-distance threat, and Tailback Roland Hooks, whose skills were eclipsed in the past by now-departed Willie Burden.

Four starting positions up front need replacements, and Holtz says the candidates are so young that "if I run the film projector backward they still giggle a bit." Justus Everett at center, Bob Blanchard at guard and Pat Hovanice at tight end provide maturity.

The defense will be better if only for its experience. "It could be the strong point of our season," Holtz says, fully aware that last year it was the weak point. In 1973 the N.C. State defenders surrendered nearly 21 points per game with conspicuous breakdowns in the fourth quarter, in which they allowed 105 points, compared to only 17 in the first. This lapse was precisely the shortcoming in losses to Nebraska and Penn State.

The top returnees are Tackles Frank Haywood and Sam Senneca, Defensive Backs Mike Devine and Bob Divens and Linebacker Mike Duley. Devine's eight interceptions last season tied a school record, and an assistant coach has called Duley "one of the best defensemen in State's history."

The Wolfpack schedule could lull the unwary into a false sense of security. Even a good team might survive the first six games, only to be blanked after that. The testing begins in mid-October with

North Carolina State's ranspinner Stan Fritts is enough to scare tacklers out of their wits





road games against conference challengers North Carolina and Maryland. Then South Carolina and Penn State come to Raleigh, followed finally by Arizona State out yonder under the lights.

"These last two games are the real keys to getting another bowl bid," says Holtz. "We'll have to win at least one of them, and I think maybe we can. I'm hoping confidence and ability will build as we move into the second half of the schedule. It's difficult, no question about it."

Of course, if precedents hold, neither the Nittany Lions nor the Sun Devils have a chance. N.C. State, as you recall, does not lose at home or at night.

20 ARIZONA ST.

Matched against Bobby Riggs in an exhibition tennis match, any self-respecting duffer would enter into the gate-building fun of it all and just hope that his backhand would not look *too* bad. Not Arizona State Coach Frank Kush. "If that guy tries anything funny," he said shortly before his match with Riggs at a tournament in Tempe, Ariz. this spring, "I'll knock him silly."

The point is, as everyone west of the Pecos already knows, little Frank Kush is a fighter. And so are his Sun Devil teams—or else. This year Kush and his youthful players will have to battle us never before if they hope to match last season's 11-1 performance, including a 28-7 victory over Pittsburgh in the Fiesta Bowl.

The Sun Devils, to put it mildly, have a flair for scoring. But the nucleus of the team that averaged 45 points a game and seven yards every time the ball was snapped has left with the kind of laurels that are just about irreproducible. Quarterback Danny White, second in the nation last season with 2,862 yards in total offense, exited with seven individual NCAA records to his credit. Both All-America Woody Green, the NCAA's fourth-leading alltime rusher, and Ben Malone departed after running for 1,000-plus yards in 1973—only the third time in NCAA history that two players in the

same backfield have achieved that feat.

"It's a whole new ball game," says Kush. "Quarterback is the major concern, and we've lost the best one-two rushing punch in the country." Add to that the loss of six of the front seven from the defensive unit and, as Kush says, "our problems are obvious."

Still, the boys at Frank's Friendly Tavern, a huddle of knowledgeable football heads hard by the ASU campus, remain confident. Having placed their hopes not to mention a few discreet wagers—on Kush through 16 consecutive winning seasons, they feel that ASU's strongest returning asset is the "punishing Polack" himself. "This year you might say poor old Frank Kush," says Moon Mullins, one of the stalwarts at Frank's Friendly, "but whoever does will more than likely end up in intensive care."

Junior Ray Alexander and sophomore Bill Kenney are the leading contenders for White's vacated slot—and Kush's fire. Freshmen Bruce Hardy, Utah's No. 1 schoolboy hero (SI, April 29), and Dennis Sproul could see action at quarterback, too.

Kush also has a way of turning out whole herds of galloping "pony bucks." This year's stampede is led by Ron Cuie, Mark Lovett, Freddie Williams, Garland Evans and Stan Robinson. As for receivers, Split End Greg Hudson (54 catches, 788 yards and seven touchdowns last year) and Wingback Morris Owens (50 receptions, 1,076 yards, nine TDs) have already proved that they can gather in most everything within reach.

Defensively, 235-pound Linebacker Bob Becunig figures to plug more than a few of the gaps up front. Last season against archrival Arizona, for instance, Big Bad Bob did things like make 13 tackles, block a kick, intercept one pass and deflect another to help the Sun Devils win 55-19 and gain a share of the Western Athletic Conference title with the Wildcats. The ASU secondary is solid this season with the return of starters Bo Warren and Mike Haynes at the corners and Kory Schuknecht at weak safety.

The schedule affords ASU little time to regroup its forces. "We get Houston and Texas Christian at home right off the bat," says Kush, "and then go to Missouri. That's a pretty good boot camp. I'll be a lot smarter about our club after those first three games." Which is just another way of saying somebody is going to get knocked silly.

CONTINUED

CONFERENCES

PACIFIC EIGHT

Stanford's long list of golden quarterbacks (Frankie Albert, John Brodie, Jim Plunkett, etc.) might have a worthy addition if sophomore Mike Cordova works out. The 6'4", 230-pounder is not the best passer on the team, or the best field general, but he's probably the best all-round man at the position. The Cardinals are likely to do less passing this season because they have two good runners in Scott Laidlaw and Ron Inge.

Indeed, Stanford again appears to be the best bet to upset USC. The offensive line is strong, with Keith Rowen returning for another season at tackle and fresh starting Guards Gary Anderson and Alex Karakozoff bound to be improved as sophs. Tackle Al TenBruggencate should be able to block people with his name alone. There are three good wide receivers, led by All-Pacific Eight Bill Singler. The defense features such returnees as All-America Ends Roger Shillwell and Pat Donovan and All-Coast Linebacker Gordon Riegel.

UCLA has a new coach, Dick Vermeil, who has tossed aside the Wishbone and installed the Veer. Vermeil is determined not only to change formations but to change the Bruins' image to that of a mighty defensive team. He really does not have much choice since UCLA lost its three top ground-gainers. Back to run the Veer is Quarterback John Soarra (pronounced "sharra"), who started three games in '73 and shared time with Mark Harmon in the rest.

For that improved defense Vermeil has a talented JC transfer, 6'4", 260-pound Tackle Cliff Frazier, plus All-Coast Cornerback John Namoski and Linebacker Fulton Kuykendall.

Elsewhere, the league is rife with quarterback trouble. Cal's Vince Ferragamo transferred to Nebraska, conceding the position to Steve Bartkowski. At Oregon new Coach Don Read can rely on his tough defense, led by Tackle Reggie Lewis, and an offense featuring 1,000-yard gainer Don Reynolds. Washington is another team going with the Veer, but still hopes for continued passing success.

Washington State, led by Fullback Andrew Jones, second-leading rusher in the league in '73, might improve on its 5-6 record. Oregon State has lots of players back, which doesn't mean much after a 2-9 season.

BIG TEN

"Our league hasn't changed a bit," says Michigan State Coach Denny Stolz. "It's Ohio State and Michigan on top again. Below that, I don't know of anybody with an outstanding football team. There should be a big scramble, and we hope to be in it." If some highly touted freshmen live up to their notices, Stolz could take the play away from the others. Much depends on Quarterback Charles Baggett coming back strong after knee surgery.

Pty new Iowa Coach Bob Comings. The Hawkeyes were 9-11 last year and start out this time vs. Michigan, UCLA, Penn State and Southern California. Northwestern also has a nasty schedule—Notre Dame and Nebraska back to back—and John Pont's second season is not likely to be a picnic.

The Big Ten dark horse is Minnesota, which was 6-2 in league competition last year and has won 10 of its last 14 games. Coach Cal Stoll has a good runner in Rick Upchurch, but for the third straight season the Gophers will be breaking in an inexperienced quarterback. Last year's starter, John Lawing, has quit football to concentrate on his prelaw studies. "We haven't reached Big Ten parity yet," says Stoll. "but we proved last fall we have inched closer."

Lee Corso, who was such a success at Louisville, should do better than 2-9 in his second year at Indiana. Quinn Buckner will be following the basketball coach's orders to stay away from football (he was a line defensive back), but Corso has some worthwhile returnees, especially at the so-called "skill" positions. Corso envisions Quarterback Bob Kramer flinging to Receivers Trent Snook and Mike Flanagan. At Champaign-Urbana, the Fumbling Illini (29 loss in '73) hope to hang on to the football better and score more than 19 touchdowns.

Wisconsin Coach John Jardine is pleased with a good spring practice and good recruiting. The Badgers should improve behind the running of All-Big Ten Tailback Bill Marek and the throwing of Gregg Bohlig, who was No. 2 in the conference in passing and total offense. Purdue was 5-6 in Alex Agase's first year. This time, Agase says, "We have the nucleus to be a winner." Notable in that nucleus are Defensive Tackle Ken Novak and Fullback Pete Gross.

BIG EIGHT

Colorado, which plummeted into a three-way tie with Iowa State and Kansas State for last place in the Big Eight in 1973, could take off on some kind of Rocky Mountain high in 1974. True, the Buffaloes gave up an alarming average of 22.7 points a game last fall, but new Coach Bill Mallory specializes in turning soft noses hard: at Miami of Ohio he not only compiled an enviable 39-12 record, his Redskins led the nation in total defense last year. Mallory, who goes around growing things like "I want 11 people on that ball-carrier!" inherits a more meritorious offensive roster. Standouts include All-Big Eight Guard Doug Payton and sophomore Tailback Billy Waddy.

Kansas State will get in somebody's way even though the Wildcats went Colorado almost one better—or almost one worse, as it were—by allowing an average of 23.6 points a game last season. Coach Vince Gibson, who considered 1973 a rebuilding year and had a 5-6 record to prove it, can expect some much-needed help from sophomore Linebackers Theophilus Bryant and Carl Pennington. "They're the best I've ever seen," says an unblushing Gibson. Only three starters return to the Wildcat offense, but one of them is Quarterback Steve Grogan and he may be enough.

There may be hard times at Kansas, for All-America Dave Jaynes, the drop-back artist who passed for 2,131 yards last fall, has graduated. While grooming replacement Scott McMichael, a red-shirt sophomore, Coach Don Fambrough wisely plans to rely more on the

ground game, particularly the punishing runs of Fullback Robert Miller. Whenever McMichael does want to test his arm, Emmett Edwards will be around to do some of the wondrous things that made him the Big Eight's leading receiver last season. On defense, End Dean Zook (whose brother John plays for the Atlanta Falcons) and Back Kurt Knoff are all-conference players.

Having come up with three head coaches in the past four years, Oklahoma State must now find replacements for 12 starters. Quarterback Charlie Weatherbie sparked as a freshman last fall, but a lack of good receivers may dim his luster. One happy alternative is to hand off to Fullback George Palmer.

Iowa State, which lost four games by a total of 13 points, and then upset Missouri and Oklahoma State, must again be rated unpredictable. One shining certainty is that Mike Strachan, who has already raced for 2,364 yards, will again be an all-conference terror.

SOUTHEASTERN

In the powerful SEC, where even a fifth- or sixth-place team is a candidate for national recognition, Florida and Auburn bear close scrutiny. The Gators were struggling last season until Don Gaffney stepped in at quarterback, whereupon they won five straight for an eventual 7-5 record. The defense—best in the SEC last year—has seven returnees. Berg Yepremian, Garo's little brother, will do the placekicking.

Injury and inexperience plagued Auburn in 1973. The Tigers finished 6-6 and 2-5 in the SEC. Coach Shug Jordan hopes to set things right with the Vee and, on occasion, a live-man defensive front. "We need to give our opponents a new look," Shug says. Anticipate more passing, too, with the return of Quarterback Phil Gargis and Wide Receiver Thomas Gossom, who combined for two touchdowns in the Sun Bowl.

The restoration of Kentucky football last year coincided with the dedication of a \$12 million, 57,000-seat stadium. More pertinent, it coincided with the arrival of Coach Fran Curci and Tailback Sonny Collins. The Wildcats' 5-6 record may not look like much but it was the team's best since 1965. Curci was SEC Coach of the Year in one poll, and Collins, who rushed for 1,213 yards, second best in league history, was Player of the Year.

Mississippi State, loaded with six offensive and 10 defensive returnees, is looking to improve last fall's 4-5-2 record. Like Auburn, the Bulldogs are going to the Vee and the "50" defense. "We're faster, quicker and have better players," says Coach Bob Tyler.

Among Vanderbilt's 17 returning starters are Quarterback Fred Fisher, who led the SEC in passing and total offense, and Defensive Back Scott Wingfield, who led it in interceptions.

Mississippi was a surprising third in the conference last year, but graduation losses were heavy. New Coach Ken Cooper has a lot of rebuilding to do.

ATLANTIC COAST

North Carolina does not have a Charlie (Choo Choo) Justice in its backfield, but it does have a James (Boom Boom) Betterson and enough other good athletes to help Coach Bill Dooley's Tar Heels regain football respectability, despite a schedule that includes nonleague games against Pittsburgh, Ohio University, Georgia Tech and South Carolina. Offensive Guard Ken Huff, who comes from Coronado, Calif., and Tight End Charles Waddell will help make the I formation work, but the quarterback spot is open. The two top candidates played baseball during spring practice.

Dooley's defense should be O.K., too, with Defensive Tackle Ronnie Robinson and two-time All-ACC Linebacker Jimmy DeRatt, who's been moved to strong safety. He was a very good tailback as a freshman and "he is going to be a great safety," says a Carolina assistant. "He has a nose for the ball. Before the season is over he may be the best defensive back in the South."

Ex-Virginia star Sonny Randle returns to his alma mater after a fine pro career and a dandy coaching record at East Carolina. He inherits All-ACC Linebacker Dick Amhrose and Quarterback Scott Gardner, who was seventh in the country in total offense last year.

Clemson, where Red Parker is in his second year as head man, has a tough schedule (Texas A&M, Tennessee and Georgia) that will test such good players as Defensive Guard Ken Peoples. Duke looks impressive, with a strong defense led by still another All-ACC linebacker, Keith Stoneback, but it is in the pass-and-catch department that the Blue Devils probably will be at their show-

est. Quarterback Hal Spears has a nifty target in Ben Fordham.

Wake Forest, the conference doormat last fall with a 1-9-1 record (the Deacons beat Florida State by two points in their opener), might do a little better, but right in the middle of the schedule lurk three straight road games: Oklahoma, Penn State and Maryland. However, Wake Forest may not be kicked around much longer: it has an offensive tackle candidate named Richard Nixon.

SOUTHWEST

Bury and forget all those Aggie jokes that have been so popular in Dallas bars and at Houston cocktail parties. Texas A&M Coach Emory Bellard expects his team to be 80 to 100%, improved in 1974, and nobody around the league is scoffing. That is because the Aggies, who had a 5 and 6 record, led the SWC in total defense in 1973 and not one starter graduated. Last year's team was also the third-highest-scoring outfit in the school's history; moreover, all 38 touchdowns were produced by freshmen and sophomores.

The likely starting quarterback is sophomore David Walker. Mike Jay was No. 1 the first five games in '73, but Walker beat him out to start the final six, in which the Aggies were 3-3, losing by four points each to Arkansas and Rice.

Arkansas is the other possibility to upset Texas and Texas Tech. The Razorbacks have been down the last couple of seasons (5-5-1, 6-5), partly because of let-downs after season-opening losses to USC. Unfortunately, the first opponent this fall again will be USC. Still, Coach Frank Broyles has plenty of talent, notably All-SWC Defensive Tackle Jon Rhiddlehoover. Arkansas will go with the Wishbone.

Southern Methodist has Tight End Oscar Roan of Dallas, who caught 16 passes for 331 yards and three touchdowns last fall, but the Mustangs are woefully thin. Rice has definitely bitten off too much. Notre Dame, Houston, LSU, Texas and Texas Tech. But Coach Al Conover seems singularly unafraid, saying, "You've got to play the best to beat the best, so we are going to challenge 'em." Bravest 'em will be another thing, but Conover has a good kicking game, plus Guard Cornelius Walker and Split End Ed Lofton, the latter from that famous cow town, Brooklyn.

Texas Christian used the 1 and the

continued

FOOTBALL —continued

Wishbone last season—neither with great success—but is trying the Pro Set in 1974. The Frogs are counting on senior Mike Luttrell, a power runner with good hands. He gained 865 yards last year despite missing most of four games. Neal Jeffrey will be quarterbacking Baylor for the third straight year. The son of a onetime Bear All-America halfback, Jeffrey led the league in passing and total offense in 1973.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Fans of the Tulsa Golden Hurricane insist that Rod Shoate of Oklahoma is not the best linebacker in the state. That honor, they say, belongs to their own Al Humphrey, a 6'3", 225-pound senior who was the runner-up for defensive player of the year in the MVC in 1973. Humphrey is just one reason Tulsa is favored to win the championship over North Texas State and Louisville. Another is Running Back Freddie Carolina, than whom nothing will be finer, whether carrying the ball or catching passes from Quarterback Jeb Bloom.

A shortcoming is an offensive line that lacks experience, but Coach F. A. Dry claims his best athletes are there. "I think this conference has more balance than it has had in the past several years," he says, "and that will help make all of us better teams."

North Texas State, which tied for the title in '73, is an enigma, although Coach Hayden Fry has a lot of transfers who were Texas high school hotshots. The Mean Green welcome back Walter Chapman, a defensive lineman who was MVC freshman of the year.

Peacocks are known for strutting, but Louisville has a Peacock (Walter, a junior from Indianapolis) who flies. He carried 290 times in 1973 for 1,294 yards and 72 points. He also averaged 32.9 yards per kickoff return. The school insists, however, that its nickname will remain Cardinals. Coach T. W. Alley has lost 14 starters, and the Cards do not figure to improve on last year's 5-6 record.

The fact that the MVC is still primarily a basketball circuit—or that the teams are evenly matched—is proved by the '73 won-lost records: Tulsa 6-5, North Texas State 5-5-1, Louisville 5-6, New Mexico State 5-6, Wichita State 4-7, Drake 2-9 and West Texas State 2-9. The eighth MVC school, Bradley, does not field a football team. Commissioner Mackey

Holmes hopes that the new NCAA rule limiting a school to 30 football grants a year will pep up the MVC. Presumably, prospects not vacuumed up by the Big Eight, Big Ten and SWC will be more plentiful and more talented.

WESTERN

While most of the attention is focused on Arizona and Arizona State, the rest of the widespread WAC is planning upsets. Three schools have new head coaches: Tom Lovat at Utah, Bill Mondt at New Mexico and Gil Bartosh at Texas-Ft. Paso. And Brigham Young promises to continue its aerial show with Quarterback Gary Shende, second-leading passer in the nation last year, and his favorite receiver, Jay Miller. The Cougars also had a pretty good defense in '73, and many of the key men are back, including two-time All-WAC Tackle Paul Linford.

Coach Sark Arslanian had a creditable 5-6 record his first year in charge of once-impotent Colorado State, but he now has gaping holes to fill in his offensive line and he must find a passer capable of getting the football to flanker Willie Miller, who somehow found his way to Fort Collins from Birmingham, Ala. The best newcomer in the whole league might be Middle Linebacker Kevin McLain, a California JC transfer, who will call defensive signals for the Rams.

Bartosh, who was an assistant at Texas A&M, will have his hands full bringing respectability back to UTEP. What he has done so far is assemble lots of new talent, including 25 freshmen. The Miners were 0-11 in 1973, so it is doubtful Bartosh can get over 500 his first season. Wyoming promises to run more, partly because Lawrence Games and Charlie Shaw were impressive in the spring. Utah gets back its leading rusher, Ike Spencer, and two good linebackers in John Huddleston and Rick Barsness. Too bad new Coach Lovat has UCLA and LSU on his schedule and the last three games on the road. Bill Mondt's New Mexico Lobos will use the pro set instead of the Wishbone.

PCAA

Any way you cut it, which at San Diego State is long, deep and often, the Aztecs are overwhelming favorites to win their third consecutive conference title. Yes, the San Diegans have lost Quarterback Jesse Freitas, the 1973 national leader in passing and total offense. And yes, eight

all-conference players have departed. But no, Coach Claude Gilbert is not fretting one bit.

There are even some who say that Quarterback Craig Penrose, a classy transfer from Colorado, will make everyone forget old Jesse. What's His Name All four of the Aztecs' top rushers—Frank Geary, Dave Darden, Bill Kramer and Tim Thorn—are back, along with their most effective blocker, All-PCAA Guard Tony Bachman. Linebacker Bobby Henderson and Back Monte Jackson, both all-conference veterans, are stars on a defense that is, as Gilbert says, "awesome."

Unlike the Aztecs, who have somehow conspired to play eight of their games at home this season, San Jose State faces the grind of playing seven straight on the road. To survive that ordeal, the Spartans must rev up a sputtering running attack to match the aerial circus featuring Quarterback Craig Kamball, the seventh-ranking passer in the U.S. last year, and Wide Receiver Ike McBee.

At Pacific, old grad Dick Bass is an "immortal." Immortality must be near for Tailback Willard Harrell, the nation's top all-purpose runner in 1973; he is on the verge of surpassing Bass's career rushing record. But one superstar does not a superstar make.

"Considering our record last fall," says Fresno State Coach J. R. Boone, "we had an exceptional recruiting year." Which is another way of saying that the Bulldogs, who were 2-9 in '73, need all the help they can get. Long Beach State, hit by NCAA penalties on top of a 1-9-1 season, hopes to regroup its forces under new Coach Wayne Howard. And Fullerton figures to be the PCAA's new sixth member in more ways than one.

SOUTHERN

Does the adage that the best offense is a good defense still hold up? Watch East Carolina this season and find out.

Stripped of nine starters, the Pirate attack that averaged 32 points a game and helped East Carolina win two straight SC titles is being rebuilt virtually from scratch. The defense, on the other hand, shy only two regulars from a snarly pack known as "Captain Crunch and the Wild Dogs," needs only to be unleashed. Captain Crunch is Linebacker Danny Kephley, a two-time All-SC choice who did everything last season—93 solo tackles, 94 assists, five interceptions, eight pass-

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FOOTBALL *continued*

es knocked down—but declare war on the Union.

"If a ballcarrier stays in bounds," says Pat Dye, East Carolina's new coach, "Darryl will make the tackle." And if Dye can bring into play some of the offensive expertise he learned as a longtime assistant to Bear Bryant, the East will rise again.

Furman, Richmond, William & Mary may sound like a liberated law firm, but each is in fact a serious contender for the SC title. Furman is the league's upstart, having finished fourth in 1973 after being picked for last, a feat that earned Art Baker SC co-coach of the Year honors in his rookie season. Among the eight freshmen who started for Baker's "Kid-dee Corps" last fall, Quarterback David Whitehurst and Running Back Larry Robinson are now mature threats, and the Paladins' secondary, No. 8 nationally in pass defense, has surely improved with age.

Jim Tait, the new head man at Richmond, inherits an 8-2 team and such prize packages as Quarterback Harry Knight and three prime receivers. On defense, though, Tait has been all but read out of the will as only two regulars are back.

William & Mary, coming off its first winning season (6-5) in seven years, is still in high gear offensively with its entire backfield returning, plus All-SC Dick Pawlewicz, a versatile "skilled end" who alternates as runner, blocking back and all-purpose receiver.

Appalachian State has 11 starters returning. The Citadel 17. The Mountaineers boast Quarterback Phil Coccoletto and sophomore Punter Joe Parker, No. 5 in the nation last year; the Bulldogs feature soph Linebacker Brian Ruff and Fullback Andrew Johnson, a "miniature Jim Brown." But between them, the two teams won only three conference games last fall and figure to establish a holding pattern in the second division. VMI, which lost Tom Schultze, its finest passer ever, will be lucky to improve on its 3-8 record.

MID-AMERICAN

As billed, Miami of Ohio is indeed the "Cradle of Coaches." Trouble is, that means that the Redskins, the stingiest defensive team around last year, are setups for the old cradle-rolling play. Bill Mallory, now in his first year at Colorado, is the latest Miami coach to be filched, and Dick Crum, his successor, will undoubtedly

be the next—provided that he lives up to the Redskins tradition.

Considering that Miami was the undefeated Mid-Am champion last season and beat Florida in the Tangerine Bowl, that is no small order. But Crum has 10 starters returning, including Guard Brad Consmo, the 1973 MAC Defensive Player of the Year, and all-conference Offensive Tackle Mike Biehle. Steve Sanna and Sherman Smith will again alternate at quarterback, but Rob Carpenter and Randy Walker can hardly make up for the loss of Bob Hitchens, the Redskins' top all-time rusher. Still, Miami has a fighting chance of retaining its Mid-Am title, at the very worst it could tumble to third place.

On paper MAC runner-up Kent State, 9-2 last year and on the upswing, has the edge over Miami. The double-barreled attack that averaged 27 points a game is reloaded and seems as deadly as ever. Big Shot No. 1 is All-MAC Tailback Larry Poole, who raced for 1,063 yards and 18 touchdowns last fall. Big Shot No. 2 is Greg Kokal, who fired at will for 1,776 yards and seven TDs as a sophomore. The Golden Flashes lost their three top receivers but Ken Dooner, Willie Davis and Carlos Cato are ready replacements. On defense, Coach Don James can count on All-MAC Linemen Walt Vrabel and Larry Faulk.

Although Ohio University was only 5-5 in 1973, there is cause for cheer: nine starters return on offense, eight on defense. That could total up to a few timely upsets, especially if Quarterback Rich Bevis, a strong but erratic passer, and leading rushers Dave Houston and L. C. Lyons get it together.

The Toledo Rockets will again take off with Sick Gene Swick, the nation's sixth-leading passer last year, throwing to Randy Whitley and Don Seymour—and then just as likely come plummeting down again with a dead-cold ground game. It averaged only 121 yards a Saturday in 1973. Lopsided attacks have a way of failing, as evidenced by the fact that Toledo lost its third straight game to the alumni this spring.

Bowling Green's Don Nehlen calls his team the "No Names" for good reason. No fewer than 16 regulars have exited, and the renown of Linebacker Joe Russell is not expected to restore the Falcons to last year's 7-3 celebrity status. Western Michigan, strengthened by the return of Quarterback Paul Jorgensen

but severely weakened on defense, must come out on the long end of more than one high-scoring game to extricate itself from last place.

IVY LEAGUE

As sure as the snowflakes that descend on Hanover, N.H., each football season come the reports that this is the year that Dartmouth will be dethroned as Ivy League champion. But the Big Green has won or shared the title five seasons running, grabbing it outright last fall after Coach Jake Crouthamel had the gall to dismiss 1973 as a "rebuilding year." This season it may be more difficult to repeat.

On the debit side, Dartmouth has lost its three top rushers and a dozen starters in all. Most moved will be Rick Klipchak, who broke the school rushing record set by Crouthamel in 1959. On the credit side, Quarterback Tom Sickenberger, a rangy 6'5" option passer, Split End Tom Fleming, the league's leading punt returner, and All-Ivy Linebacker Reggie Williams are back in uniform.

The team most likely to depose Dartmouth is Penn, largely because of a pair of players who shattered no fewer than 20 Quaker offensive records last fall. Marty Vaughn, passing for 17 TDs and 1,926 yards, led the league and ranked fifth nationally in total offense. Adolph (Beep Beep) Bellizeare, the most productive runner in Penn history, was the Ivy League's top scorer and the NCAA's third-leading all-purpose rusher.

Yale finished strong last year with five wins in its final six games and should continue its momentum with 14 regulars returning. Among them is Rudy Green, the Ivy's top rusher. Defensively, the Elis must rebuild their front four.

Harvard will be satisfied with more of the same from Neal Miller, the compact fullback who rocked Dartmouth for 114 yards and Penn for 130, and Pat McNally, the 6'6" split end who gathered in 56 passes to finish second nationally.

Brown, down so long, came scrambling back under rookie Coach John Anderson last year to equal its best Ivy record (4-3). With 12 starters returning and a bumper crop of sophomores, the Bruins look first-division bound. Cornell, hobbled by injuries last fall, will be happy if it can keep runners Dean Malone and Don Canelli out of traction long enough for them to do their very formidable thing. Columbia figures to better Princeton in the Battle for the Bottom.

CONTINUED

INDEPENDENTS

Tulane, which enjoyed an unaccustomed 9-2 regular-season record, has more good tidings and could make the Top 20. The Green Wave lost only three defensive starters and retains such one-man whirlpools as Charles Hall, Mark Olivari, Rusty Chambers, John Washington and David Lee. Although the offense, which ranked high nationally, lost one entire side of the line, virtually every statistical leader is back, notably Quarterback Steve Foley (601 yards rushing, 824 passing, and seven touchdowns). Flankers Jaime Garza and Tom Fortner and Fullback Lyndon Laster.

Another team that could vault into the Top 20 is Miami (Fla.). Nearly everyone returns from last year's young squad, which jolted Texas 20-15 and almost beat Oklahoma, and the undefeated freshman team will put more electricity in the Hurricanes. I Back Woody Thompson, nationally a leading scorer until injured, ran for three touchdowns against Texas and two against Oklahoma. Split End Steve Marcantonio and Tight End Phil August provide good reception, and Tackle Dennis Hattah, fast at 259 pounds, will test any defense. Provoking Middle Guard Rubin Carter, on the other hand, will be suicide for any enemy offense.

Memphis State's defense should be improved, which would suggest an even better season than last year's 6-3, except that three-fourths of the offensive backfield will be sophomores. Fortunately, the fourth position is quarterback, and Coach Fred Pincus has three good men there—Dave Fowler (759 yards passing), Joe Bruner (785 yards) and Mike Robb (309 yards, 67% completed). The four best receivers are also in hand, but the Tigers must beat the bushes for runners.

South Carolina fields most of the backs who made the Gamecocks' 1973 offense, a Vee, the biggest gainer in S.C. history, but the line presents a worry or four. Spectacular Quarterback Jeff Grantz had 1,670 yards in total offense and tallied 16 touchdowns despite being injured for three games. A good runner and a wicked threat as a halfback passer, Jay Lynn

Hodgin accounted for 1,104 yards and 12 touchdowns. He also led the team in kickoff returns with 344 yards, including a 93-yard touchdown against Houston.

Utah State confidently claims two deep and talented offensive lines, unexpected quarterback depth behind Tom Wilson (1,177 yards passing), solid runners led by exciting little Louie Giammena (511 yards rushing) and Fullback Jerry Cox. It should be noted, however, that Tailback Archie Gibson (1,150 yards) is gone and that Oklahoma has been added to the schedule.

Air Force Coach Ben Martin has to come up with a quarterback to replace Rich Hayne, leading yardage maker in service academy history. Valiantly trying will be left-handed reserve Mike Worden and converted Cornerback Ken Vaughn. Chris Milodragovich leads a corps of good tailbacks, but Jim Monahan and Al Bready have little experience at fullback and flanker. The offensive and defensive lines are both whiz-bang.

How would you like to play all 11 of your games away from home, including Alabama, Mississippi and Memphis State? Southern Mississippi, whose stadium is being renovated, faces that prospect this year. Quarterback Jeff Bower, who completed 58% of his passes for 1,500 yards and accounted for 13 touchdowns, is back, while John Sawyer, Eddie Tate and Barry Gibson are capable catchers in the Vee offense.

"We could be a pretty good country football team," says West Virginia Coach Bobby Bowden, "if our quarterbacking comes through." Gawrsh. Hum a few bars of John Denver's *Country Roads* for your city-rube opponents from Pittsburgh, Boston and Richmond while you're at it, Bobby. The departed Ade Dillon was a fair country quarterback, all right, but there is nothing much wrong with understudies Chuck Fiorante and Ben Williams, or sophomore prospects Kirk Lewis and Tom Loadman. Especially when they'll be throwing to Dangerous Danny Buggs and Marshall Mills. Buggs, who runs like a bunny, has scored a touchdown every sixth time he has

touched the ball, gaining 624 yards at an average of 23.1 per reception last year.

Pepper Rodgers, twice Coach of the Year in both the Big Eight and the Pacific Eight, is back home in Atlanta, and the probable result is a Georgia Tech homecoming to the ranks of the football powers. Only a good coach can afford to be colorful, and Rodgers is both. Besides, Tech has an ace defenseman named Randy Rhino, and who can compete with that for All-America cornerback? Rhino has been the nation's leading punt returner and ranked high in interceptions and open-field tackles. Joe Harris has the size of another rhino at linebacker, while Jim Robinson is in the cheetah class at split end.

Frank Maloney, coming in as successor to Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, who retired after 25 years, arrived with some humility pocked into his baggage. Not having seen the Orange play, he let the seniors pick the teams for the spring game. The seniors have their own reasons to feel humble. Last year's Syracuse squad was the lowest-scoring since 1968 and the most scored-upon since 1893. But Maloney did not hesitate to move Quarterback Bob Mitch, Syracuse's leading rusher and passer, to safety. Rob Sutton, first string in '72, left school, so Jim Donoghue will move in at quarterback. The other back positions need work, but the offensive line, key-noted by excellent Center Mike McNeely, Guard Tom Morgan and Tackle Steve Scully, may be the Orange and this year.

Julius Caesar looked over Army and decided to join the Navy. That tells you something about the United States Military Academy, which had a perfect 0-10 season. Highlights: Cal 51, Army 6; Penn State 54, Army 3; Notre Dame 62, Army 3; Navy 51, Army 0. This Julius comes to the Naval Academy from Cleveland and plays second-string guard. A classmate of his is named Mark Antonio, but Antonio wants no part of football. Maybe he knows something.

Navy should attain much the same level of mediocrity as last season (4-7), but Army will improve. Hopefully.

CONTINUED



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SMALL COLLEGES

College division football is, well, it's different.

Instead of practicing the day before a game, Marietta Coach Joe McDaniel might order a full-scale picnic.

Puget Sound players are motivated by ballads describing the hard work and good times of north-woods lumberjacks.

The roar of passing freight trains causes half a dozen extra time-outs during games at Cornell College.

The recruiting budget at Elizabeth City is \$200.

The equipment manager at Norwich is 92 years old.

In his 22 years at Luther, Coach Edsel Schweizer has never dropped a player.

But if college division teams are small, it is a matter of degree, not intensity. Between them, the NCAA and the NAIA preside over 600 "small colleges," providing for championship competition in four different divisions. And curiously, even though major-college football considers playoffs unwieldy, if not unimaginable, all the smalls determine their champions in precisely that fashion: The NCAA Division II and III winners last season were Louisiana Tech (12-1) and Wittenberg (12-0). The NAIA titlists were Abilene Christian (11-1) and Northwestern of Iowa (12-0).

Five teams in particular are expected to play decisive roles in championship competition. Abilene Christian is strong again, even though the Wildcats have lost NAIA total-offense and passing leader Clint Longley. They have not lost Tailback Wilbert Montgomery. Despite missing one game and not starting until the fifth week, Montgomery scored 37 touchdowns last year to break the school's career record in his freshman season. He rushed for 1,381 yards at a steady 6.5 yards per carry. Montgomery's technique may be difficult to stop, but it's easy to describe: "I don't really think about where I'm going," he says. "I just try to find the people in the secondary and run away from them."

It will be impossible to duplicate Longley, who guided the Wildcat offense to 35 points and 478 yards per game. But

Quarterback Coach Ted Sifton, who nurtured both Longley and former All-American Jim Lindsey, has a competent man in strong-armed Toby York. Though forced to work with a new batch of receivers, York does benefit from a veteran offensive line. Seven defensive returnees are led by Middle Guard Chip Martin. Among the new starters is Tackle Raymond Crowder, a quarterback transfer from SMI.

NCAA member Jackson State has a running back it wouldn't let go for all the Wilbert Montgomerys and Archie Griffins in the world. In fact, the Mississippi school is pushing Walter Payton for nothing less than the Heisman Trophy. With more five-touchdown days like the one Payton had against Morris Brown last year, he might rate consideration. Certainly, Payton is interested, but there is a little George C. Scott in him. "Yeah, I would like to win it," he says, "but if I did I'd give it back as a gesture to show how small schools have been slighted over the years."

Payton led the NCAA smalls in scoring last season with 24 touchdowns, 13 extra points and one 25-yard field goal. An All-America, he averaged 100 yards per game rushing as the Tigers finished 9-2 and tied for first in the Southwestern Athletic Conference. Unfortunately, not too many Mississippians knew about all this until Governor William Walker stood up and told everyone what a fine job Payton and his teammates had done.

Also back are the leading SWAC passer, Jimmy Lewis, and the top receiver, Rodney Phillips. Tackle Jackie Slater heads a veteran line, but the defense needs rebuilding.

McNeese State goes into a potentially murderous regular-season schedule with aplomb: The Cowboys face the winners of the last four national championships, Scotland Conference neighbors Louisiana Tech (1973) and Arkansas State (1970) and Eastern Independent Delaware (1971 and '72). McNeese lost only three games last year, two by three points and another by two points.

Thirty-seven lettermen return, includ-

ing Quarterbacks Johnnie Thibodeaux and Glen Morton, who combined for 1,428 yards and 11 touchdowns. The top receiver is Gary Broussard, and the Cowboys have a fine tailback in Marshall Higginbotham, but Coach Jack Doland is banking most on Tackle James Viles. Key defensive personnel include Linebacker Mike Ratcliff, End Eddie Riley and Tackle Chester Clark.

Like McNeese State, Big Sky champion Boise State is still smarting from a narrow loss to Louisiana Tech. The Broncos met up with the Bulldogs in the Division II semifinals and lost 38-34 in the last 12 seconds of play.

Quarterback Jim McMillan once again directs the crushing attack, which averaged 36 points per game and led Division II teams in total offense. McMillan passed for 1,525 yards and 17 touchdowns last season, completing 62% of his passes. The air game will be helped by the return of top rushers John Smith and Chester Grey. Terry Hunt replaces his All-America brother Don at wide receiver, and the defense is well stocked in the line and at linebacker.

Though only a Division III team, Wittenberg placed fourth among all small colleges in the final Associated Press poll last year, and Dave Maurer won a Coach of the Year award. Maurer, who has turned out two national champions and three unbeaten teams in his five seasons with the Tigers, should have another powerhouse.

Thirteen starters are back, including 5-5 Tailback Glenn Hendrix, who gained 1,124 yards, and Halfback Bill Reed, who scored 13 touchdowns. Vacancies remain at quarterback and in the offensive line, but at Wittenberg it's the defense that counts.

While compiling 19 consecutive winning seasons—10 of them good enough to capture the Ohio Conference championship—the Tigers have shut out nearly one-fourth of their opponents. All-league selections: Antone Strothers (tackler), Rod Ridgeway (end) and Art Thomas (linebacker) will do their best to continue the tradition.

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by HAROLD PETERSON

When **Fiddle Sutton** left Creighton University to become the new basketball coach at Arkansas, his family stayed behind in Omaha so that the children could finish school there. In the absence of Father, who was busy recruiting and getting his program established, one of Sutton's young sons started sleeping into his mother's bed at night. Sutton consulted his old college psychology texts and, on one of his visits home, advised the youngster that though he might be lonesome and a bit afraid, the practice would have to stop. Well, Sutton finally got settled in Fayetteville, and on the first day of his summer basketball clinic his wife arrived from Omaha with the brood. In fact, Sutton was standing in front of the field house talking with about 10 high school coaches when Sean, his youngest son, yelled out the car window, "Hey, Dad, nobody slept with Mother while you were gone."

Colleen O'Connor, who is running for Congress as a Democrat in San Diego County District, displayed her interest in ecology by taking a two-mile swim in the Pacific Ocean to protest a proposal that offshore oil wells be drilled in Southern California. On emerging, she delivered a toweling-off line: "If I can handle the sharks in the Pacific," she said, "I might be able to handle the jellyfish in politics."

Teetotaling **Gary Player** asked for a glass of water during practice for the Hanford Open, and things began to happen. An attendant mistakenly handed him a gin and tonic. Player threw it down in one gulp, and then he got drunk—immediately. "Absolutely drunk," Player swears. "I couldn't see. My mouth wouldn't work right. I couldn't hit a practice ball or putt. I went home and slept until a quarter to six. When you don't drink, it hits you that way." When the

tournament began, Player still seemed thoroughly under the influence. He finished in a tie for 52nd.

A straw vote for the Vice Presidency, taken at the Lane County Fair in Eugene, Ore. before the President made his choice, conferred the nomination on local favorite Senator Mark Hatfield, followed by Nelson Rockefeller, Harry Goldwater, Elliot Richardson and Ronald Reagan. Evet Knivel ran a dead-end race with Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy. Out of 6,500 ballots cast, each received eight.

Al Collins, general manager of the Baltimore Comets of the North American Soccer League, has announced that the club will remain in Baltimore next season despite offers from two other cities. Collins rejected outright a bid from some Dallas men representing an unnamed city in Florida. And he says he didn't find the other deal too enticing, either. It was from Custer City, Okla. "I found Oklahoma on the map," Collins says. "But I couldn't find Custer City."

Beagle Oil. That's what **Orioles** **Ross Grimsley** and **Jim Palmer** had rubbed on their arms before some recent pitching successes, according to reports in a Baltimore paper. Angry beagle buffs soon were heard from. "I'm appalled at the thought of this cannibalistic thing you do to poor pups just to make your elbow greasy," one outraged animal lover wrote. "I find the use of this oil a serious threat to the world's beagle population. Any further use will force me to contact the SPCA." The letter was signed, "Snoopy, an ex-fan." Trainer Ralph Salvon (that's really his name) soothed the correspondent by explaining that the stuff in question, an ointment used on raccoons and greyhounds, is actually "Bigeoil."



Grimsley and Palmer are new out of the doghouse.

♦ Two men using their heads? Well, **Oscar Gamble**, Cleveland Indian outfielder, doesn't really seem to need all that hair projecting from under his cap in order to protect himself from injury. And **Tom Higgins**, starting middle guard for North Carolina State, could perhaps use more padding than his "S" for State tansure.

Bob Lilly's Cowboy Insider is published weekly in Dallas to satisfy fans who do not get enough information about the Cowboys in the daily papers to sate their appetites. Recently the subscription department received an order from a resident of the Oklahoma State Prison. The check was made out to Bob Lilly's *Outsider*. A Freudian slip!

Shifting from the slopes to the sea, **Jean-Claude Killy** tried the liquid version of skiing off the Côte d'Azur. Ignominiously, he wound up with a broken nose. Those bony moguls just don't stay stationary.

The winless Detroit Wheels were having trouble finding a home, but one of their poor coaches was at least as badly off. **Owen**



Dejanovich, the defensive line coach, was living in the basement of the home of another Detroit assistant, **Chuck Harris**. "People won't lend me when they hear I'm with the Wheels," says Dejanovich, who recently left Vancouver of the Canadian Football League to seek a better life in the NFL. "Three times I've made deposits and three times they've given my money back. Once I offered the people \$1,700. That was two months' rent plus the deposit, which is a lot of money." With classes about to begin, Dejanovich, father of three school-age children, has his wife "looking into motels with kitchenettes."

Middle Linebacker **Paul Glanton** of the University of Minnesota is a notable strong man. Glanton says he developed the tremendous power in his arms and upper torso by weight lifting—and operatic singing. Last winter he played the lead, Don Alfonso, in the university's production of *Cool Paw Tare*, and his long-range goal is to make the big league by playing with the New York Met. In fact, he has already worked out with the Met once. "In singing, you exercise to increase your chest cavity and diaphragm muscles," Glanton says. "There's a tie-in with football conditioning."

Season of pride and tension

Uncertainty over when his 3,000th hit will come makes Al Kaline edgy

Tiger Stadium in Detroit is one of the last of the old, majestic, steel-girded ball parks and everything in it is painted a dark forest green. But the grass is no longer green, and in right field it is dying.

Starting when he was 18, Al Kaline roamed gracefully through the seasons over that grass, but in this, his 22nd year with the Tigers, he has not played one inning on it. As if in mourning, the grass has withered, turned brown. Kaline is the

team's designated hitter now, and he spends most of his time in the dugout, waiting. During pregame practice he does not go out to the dying grass in right. He prefers to shag fly balls and chat with the pitchers in left field. When he played right field for the Tigers, Kaline was selected to 15 All-Star teams and won 10 Golden Glove awards for his fielding excellence. He says he is glad he doesn't play there anymore. "I can't reach balls I used to catch," he says, "and I don't want to embarrass myself."

When he was 20, Kaline hit .340 and became the youngest player ever to win a batting championship. He never won another, nor did he ever hit as high as he did that year, 1955. Because of his inability to recapture that golden season, some baseball fans believe that he never truly fulfilled the potential he exhibited in his youth. "I was lucky that year," Kaline maintains. "Everything fell in place." Still, he has a lifetime average of .299 and batted .379 in the 1968 World Series. Now, in the December of his career, he needs just 22 hits to become only the 12th player and the first American Leaguer since 1925, when both Eddie Collins and Tris Speaker did it, to amass 3,000 or more career hits.

Three thousand is a number that eluded Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams, Babe Ruth and others more renowned than Kaline, and that is why he did not retire last year, as he had wanted to, but returned for one more season of waiting in the dugout for each time at bat. He thought he was a cinch to get his 3,000th hit this year, but now he is not so sure. He might have to begin another season, he says. If he has to, he will, because he is determined to reach that goal. It is the first and only one he has ever set for himself as a major league ballplayer.

"People ask me was it my goal to play in the majors for 20 years, was it my goal to get 3,000 hits someday? Lord knows, I didn't have any goals. I tell them, My only desire was to be a baseball player. I never wanted to be a flashy personality or anything like that. I'm a straight actor, that's the way I am and the way I played the game. I was blessed with a good body that didn't put on weight, and that helped, too. But most of all I never looked ahead at anything else. I had no desire to have a big job during the off-season. My only concern was to keep

myself in shape for the spring. You can blame guys today for always looking ahead to what they'll do out of baseball. But you can look ahead too often and forget what you should be doing now. You forget what got you there. I could hang on for a few more years, but I won't. This is a young man's game and like everything, it comes to an end."

Now that there is something he wants out of baseball beyond playing each game, Al Kaline no longer enjoys it as he once did. In his younger days he used to play a little boy's game, a game in which he raced flies to the warning track with such obvious relish that his attitude was infectious. He says of that younger self, "I knew I had certain skills then and that made me unbelievably relaxed and confident." Now that he no longer has those skills, now that he no longer plays the game, but must sit and wait each night in the dugout merely for his turns at bat, he has grown edgy. "He's moody a lot these days," says a Tiger executive. "He's anxious to get his 3,000th hit and then retire. But there are other things bothering him, too. Like many athletes who have to retire someday, he doesn't know what he wants to do next." "Baseball is the only job I ever had," says Kaline. "It got me out of the slums of Baltimore. It gave me everything I have in life. It gave me a challenge every day of my life. What do I do without that challenge? I've always been realistic about the outside world. It's a real jungle. Here I am in this little padded room where everything is great. Out there it's different. Oh, I could take a job with the Tigers or in business, but I don't know if I want that. I only know that I'm not worrying so much about getting my 3,000th hit as I am about what I'm gonna do after it."

On a day last week when the Tigers were to meet the Angels in an eight o'clock game, Tiger Stadium was all but deserted. It was a hazy, muggy afternoon and Al Kaline hidged and sweated in his uniform as he stood beside the visiting team's dugout and watched three men set up a television camera that would soon film him and a fourth man in a commercial for Ford Motor Company. The fourth man, holding a microphone in his hand, stood beside Kaline and nervously tried to make small talk. Finally, the men behind the camera called out "O.K." The man beside Kaline raised the micro-

SAYS KALINE: "I'M A STRAIGHT ACTOR"



phone to his mouth and said, "Every Tiger fan who is more than a teen-ager remembers how Al Kaline won a batting championship in only his second full season in the major leagues. He is a living legend in Detroit and a sure bet. . . ." Kaline rotated his neck, stretching his muscles, limbering up while standing still. The man with the microphone said something about "the thrill of his 3,000th hit." Kaline just stood there, his right foot slightly forward, hands on hips, the hips tilted down to his right, shoulders tilted down to his left. Somehow, the thrill was absent.

THE WEEK

(Apr. 25-30)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST "This whole business of pressure is greatly overrated," said Walter Alston, whose Dodgers have been accused of succumbing to it in recent weeks. But last week they flourished, winning four of five and increasing their margin over the Reds to 3½ games. Andy Messersmith won his 15th and 16th and Steve Garvey had five hits in a 7-6 squeaker over the Cubs.

With Joe Morgan out with a hand injury and Johnny Bench going 2 for 18, Cincinnati was 3-2. Taking up some of the slack were Pete Rose, whose two-run single overcame the Expos 3-1, and Terry Crowley, who doubled across the decisive run in a 4-3 tussle with the Phillies.

Atlanta split six games, twice beating Montreal behind the slugging of Ralph Garr, who tripled across two runs in the ninth in a 4-2 win and had a three-run homer in a 7-2 game.

"Sugar is going up in price, and the only way I can eat candy is to play every day," said Houston's Cliff Johnson, a lover of sweets. All season he has sought to impress other clubs enough to trade for him and, he hopes, make him a well-paid full-time player. His fifth pinch homer of the year, which put him within one of tying the major league mark, left the Mets with a sour taste and a 3-2 loss. In all, the Astros were 3-3 as Don Wilson opened and closed the action with victories over the Phillies.

Like Johnson, Dave Kingman of San Francisco was trying to bolster his trade value. On a .476 hitting spree, he tripped up the Cubs with a ninth-inning single, finished off the Pirates with another game-winner in the 11th and slugged a three-

continued



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BASEBALL continued

run homer against the St. Louis Cardinals.

Long-suffering Randy Jones was again victimized by lack of offensive support from his San Diego teammates. Seven times this year the Padres have failed to score when Jones was the starting pitcher, and last week came the sixth and seventh games in which they have provided him but one run.

LA 83-46 CIN 80-82 ATL 73-86
HOUS 66-83 SF 60-73 SD 60-63

NL EAST

Only two Eastern clubs had winning records for the week, Pittsburgh (page 24) and New York. The Mets utilized fine pitching and timely hitting to win five of six games. Tom Seaver defeated Houston 7-0, but Ray Sadecki upstaged him, tossing his first shut-out since 1971 and driving in the game's only run as he downed the Braves, then beating them again 4-2. It took a three-run bottom of the ninth for the Mets to nip the Astros 5-4 as Felix Millan brought in the tying run with a squeeze bunt and Rasty Staub singled across the clincher. And Benji Ayala became the first National League since Camilo Marragan in 1961 to hit a home run in his first major league at bat.

St. Louis, 2-3, fell to second place despite five stolen bases by Lou Brock, who increased his total to 93. Lynn Kluthe stymied the Padres 5-1, and John Curtis squelched them 3-1 with a one-hitter.

Montreal and Chicago were both 2-4, but the Expos did smite the Reds 11-3 as Bob Bailey drove in five runs. And the Cubs took a doubleheader from the Padres, 5-1 in 12 innings and 4-3 with the aid of two errors.

Philadelphia, 1-4, scored a mere 12 runs. Asked if team morale was holding up, Manager Danny Ozark replied, "Morality at this point isn't a factor."

PIT 69-82 ST. L. 66-84 PHIL 64-87
MON 60-80 NY 60-71 CHI 64-78

AL EAST

Strange things happened to Boston Oh, the Red Sox did knock off the White Sox twice, but in three other games—all losses—they scored only twice. It almost seemed that Boston had banned the home run, for the Sox did not hit any last week and have had just one in their last 18 games. Rightfielder Dwight Evans, who had not erred in 192 games, had two miscues in one inning. Worst of all was the growing roster of ailing pitchers. Added to Rick Wise (already on the disabled list) were Dick Drago (arm trouble), Bob Veale (burnouts) and Juan Marchal (prostate problems).

New York, 4-1, moved to within four games of Boston with victories that came in a variety of ways. Pat Dobson blanked the Twins 5-0, lowering his ERA for his

past 13 starts to 2.25. A pair of four-run seventh-inning upturns outbowed the Twins and White Sox, the latter outburst featuring three errors and only one hit. And Larry Gura earned his first Yankee win by beating Nolan Ryan and the Angels 3-1.

Ross Gonsky picked up his 15th victory and Mike Cuellar his 16th, but Baltimore scored only four times in three other contests and lost them all.

Cleveland's Rico Carty, recently obtained from the Mexican League, had 17 hits in 30 times up as the Indians won four of seven games. Jim and Gaylord Perry both stopped the Royals with five-hitters.

Why has Milwaukee lost 22 of 37 since the All-Star break? Because the Brewers have averaged only 2.8 runs a game. Last week seven runs, one victory, four defeats.

With two out in the ninth and a 3-2 count, Gene Larmont of Detroit homered to tie Texas 5-5. Ron Lefflore followed that with a double, and Gary Sutherland won the game with a single. The victory went to John Hiller (15-8) and left him just one short of equalling the league record for relief wins.

ROB 72-68 NY 68-82 CLEV 66-64
BAL 66-65 MIL 62-70 DET 61-70

AL WEST

With the Royals getting too close for comfort, the A's spurred to a 4-1 week, widening their lead to 6½ games. Catfish Hunter got his 20th win by beating the Brewers 3-1. And Claudell Washington went 5 for 5 the day before his 20th birthday, exhibiting his newfound ability to hit inside pitches, as the A's pounded the Tigers 10-5.

Also hitting vigorously was Kansas City's Hal McRae, but he alone could not keep the Royals from losing four of six. Even though he had five doubles and seven RBIs in a doubleheader with Cleveland, the best Kansas City could do was split.

Ranger home attendance surpassed the previous full-season high for the Washington-Texas franchise, reaching 1,038,994. Ferguson Jenkins won for the 19th time, and Dave Nelson became the first player since 1969 to steal second, third and home in one tour of the bases.

Chicago, 3-3, swept a twin bill from Cleveland by identical 8-5 scores and beat Boston 3-0 as Bert Johnson pitched his second straight shutout.

Billyken won a pair of four-hitters for Minnesota, the second a 3-2 game in which he struck out 14 Red Sox.

California's Nolan Ryan became the first pitcher to get 300 strikeouts in three consecutive years, leaving nine Brewers in a froth as he won his 17th game, 9-2.

OAK 76-56 KC 66-82 TEX 66-69
CHI 66-67 MINN 64-68 CAL 63-80

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It seems perfectly fitting, in a year that already has seen the U.S. and Australia eliminated from Davis Cup competition, a 39-year-old institution (Ken Rosewall) reach the final at Wimbledon and a 17-year-old Swede (Bjorn Borg) conquer most of Europe, that the hottest player in the world through most of the summer should be an Argentine author and bongo drummer. A boxer like Carlos Monzon, a race driver like Juan Fangio, perhaps a soccer star or a gaucho who slings a mean bola—we can accept all these with no credibility strain. We even got used to a fine golfer from Buenos Aires, Roberto de Vincenzo. But a world-class tennis player from Argentina is a novelty, just right for charmingly topsy-turvy 1974. His name is Guillermo Vilas.

Pronounce it with a hard G. Gee-yer-mo Vee-las. He is 22 and comes from Mar del Plata (Silver Sea), one of Argentina's largest resort cities. Going into the U.S. Open, which started last week at Forest Hills in the traditional steam-bath weather, Vilas was in a close battle with Borg for first place in the Commercial Union Grand Prix, in which the top point earner in the major tournaments earns himself a juicy \$100,000 at year's end. That would be 1,020,000 Argentine pesos.

Vilas has thrust himself into the tennis big time with a post-Wimbledon surge. In July he won the Swiss Open, beating Spain's Manuel Orantes, won the Dutch Open over Barry Phillips-Moore and lost in the final of the Washington Star-News International to Harold Solomon. In August he won at Louisville over Chile's Jaime Fillol, reached the quarters at Indianapolis and enjoyed his finest tournament in Toronto, beating Borg, Tom Okker and Orantes en route to the singles title. He also took the doubles. The week before Forest Hills he reached the semis of the U.S. Pro Championships at Brookline, Mass. In seven weeks his record was 34-3 and he had won \$70,000. The late heavyweight boxer Luis Firpo might have been the Wild Bull of the Pampas, but he never had a two months' charge to glory and cash to match Vilas'.

In Argentina the tennis boom is still a relative whisper, but Vilas obviously is going to turn up the volume. Last week a tennis match was shown on Argentine television, a first in that nation. It was a taped replay of Vilas' victory over Fillol

V for victory, as in Vilas

The hottest player on the pro circuit has been 22-year-old Guillermo Vilas of Argentina, who in two months won four tournaments and \$70,000

at Louisville. The weekly mass-circulation, general-interest magazine *Gente* (People) recently abandoned its cover-girl format for the first time and put Vilas' picture up front.

"I am the No. 1 sports man in Argentina," Vilas says matter-of-factly. "Of course, in Argentina we don't have too many sports men. When I play a match, in five minutes the news is there."

Not surprisingly, he is the best player ever produced by his country, and his noted presence at Forest Hills provided the tennis-travel specialists with some inspiration (there is always some awe-inspiring fellow around who not only knows that Frankie Parker was the U.S. champion in 1944 and 1945 but that his real name is Pykowski). Last Friday af-

ternoon, when rain had postponed the matches and the players' lounge in the old Tudor-style clubhouse was jammed and all the backgammon boards in use, a group of oldtimers gathered by a window overlooking the soggy courts and tried to dredge up the names of good Argentine players of the past. They could produce only four: Alejo Russell, Enrique Morea, Maria Weiss and Giraldo Weiss.

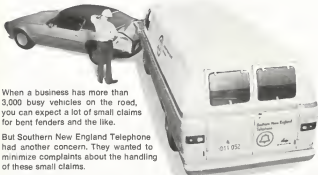
There was even speculation among the trivialists, warming to their subject, that Vilas is the best non-U.S.-trained South American male player of all time. Ecuador's Pancho Segura went to the University of Miami, you see, and Peru's Alex Olmedo was polished at USC and adopted—some would say kidnapped—for the

continued

SOUTH AMERICA HAS PRODUCED GOOD PLAYERS, BUT VILAS IS ARGENTINA'S FIRST



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U.S. Davis Cup team. Chile's Fillol went to Miami, but Vilas probably already is better on every surface but grass anyway.

Even if he were nothing more than the best left-hander ever produced in Mar del Plata, which he is, the exciting Vilas would be worth watching. And for rivals, worth avoiding. His serve is pretty good and his ground strokes are excellent, especially a topspin-backhand approach shot that lands in his opponent's court at a zillion RPMs and scoots for cover like a terrified jackrabbit. A much more common backhand is a slice under the ball, which gives it backspin and slows it up when it lands, a technique that has not hurt Rosewall and Margaret Court. Vilas, like another strong-stroking left-hander, Rod Laver, can hit his backhand both ways with a great degree of skill. However, on the grass at Forest Hills, a fast surface placing more importance on serving, volleying and returning service than on hard, accurate ground strokes, Vilas had too few opportunities to use

his varied weapons. He is at his best on slow clay and was not expected to get beyond the third or fourth round of the U.S. Open, which would just about justify his being seeded ninth. Still, nobody would faint from shock if he should beat Arthur Ashe, the No. 8 seed, and reach the quarters, probably against defending champ John Newcombe.

Vilas was far from devastating in his first-round match, being forced to go the full five sets by a 17-year-old UCLA phenom, Ferdi Taygan, who is literally a young Turk (although he was born in America, Turkey asked him to play on its Davis Cup team). Vilas finally won 6-3, 6-2, 6-7, 2-6, 6-3. He was sharper in the second round, dispatching Mike Machette in straight sets on Friday. His South American rival, Fillol, looked better that day, losing to third-seeded Stan Smith on a tie breaker in the fifth.

Vilas' father, José Roque Vilas, is an *escribano*, the literal translation of which is "notary public," but he is more like a

solicitor in the British sense. Guillermo went to law school in Buenos Aires for one year but dropped out to pursue a career in tennis, despite his parents' objections.

"It's nice," he says. "I like to play tennis. I have to play, it's something I need for myself. When I don't play I feel bad, my nerves are tense."

When he was a kid it was his mother who got nervous. Vilas used to practice hitting balls against his garage door—from the inside. Once a day at least the ball would hit the handle of the garage door, bounce up and break a light. His mother, Mexula, would get furious and sometimes confiscate his racket or refuse to climb up and replace the bulb. On occasion, Vilas recalls, he would "have to hide all day in a chestnut tree."

After his family moved from the country into Mar del Plata proper and he started practicing regularly at Club Nautico Mar del Plata, of which his father was president for 14 years, Vilas started

continued

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playing in junior tournaments and, despite devoting some of his time to soccer, quickly rose to the top of any group he was in. He played in his first international tournament at 14, and at 15 was invited to the Orange Bowl tournament in Miami (he won the doubles there in 1969).

Now that school and a short, tennis-filled hitch in the Argentine army are out of the way, there does not seem to be anything to stop Vilas from being an international star for some time. But if the summer of '74 proves to be a fluke or a momentary flareup, Vilas does not seem to be the type to lose much sleep over it. He has lots of other things on his mind besides topspin backhands.

Vilas wears a missing-in-action bracelet on one wrist and a prisoner-of-war bracelet on the other, the latter even though the prisoner has returned home. Wearing them is Vilas' statement against war. His other adornments—long, dark hair held in place by a headband, bracelets, rings, beads—appear to be statements of taste in fashion rather than rebellion. Fans give him some of his bead necklaces, most of them more substantial than the one made of macaroni he ruined recently by wearing in a shower.

Vilas plays the recorder and bongos, says he enjoys jogging at three in the morning and has been at work on a book the past few years.

"For sure I will publish it," he says. "It is about anything—things that have impressed me, life. I began it two years ago when I learned some things that really impressed me, became part of me, that I don't want to forget."

One morning last week Vilas and his pal Bong, who admits to no higher reading material than comic books, got out of a taxi stalled in traffic and set out on foot for the Forest Hills clubhouse. Side by side they strolled, chattering happily, lugging their equipment bags down a narrow avenue in the borough of Queens, a rich young Swede with long blond hair flowing down to his shoulders, a rich young Argentine with long dark hair flowing down to his shoulders. It did not signify anything special, but the driver of a car stalled behind the taxi watched them walk off and found some small pleasure to take his mind off the mugginess. He remembered that Señor Vilas had said he was going home after the tournament to spend five weeks in Silver Sea, and the very thought was cooling. **END**

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1973 AND 1974 ANNUAL READER'S CHOICE POLLS: CATEGORY I



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A case of setting them up for the kill

Hospitable old Havana opened its heart to the fighters in town for the first world amateur championships—feted them, fed them well, and then the Cubans danced off with most of the gold medals, cha-cha-cha



STALKING TO A SPLIT DECISION, DAVIS (LEFT) STRUCK AMERICA'S ONLY GOLD

When an international gang of boxers came to Havana two weeks ago the Cubans greeted them warmly. They were pleasant hosts, considerate and thoughtful companions—and if it had not been for one small item, a smashing good time would have been had by all: in the boxing ring the Cubans pretty much beat the stuffing out of everybody.

At the conclusion of the first World Amateur Boxing Championship last Friday night, Cuba had won five of the 11 gold medals and one silver. The Russians, always formidable in the amateur ring, collected only two golds and two

silvers. And the U.S. team, missing four or five of its best boxers, did surprisingly well with one gold and two silvers.

For all their friendliness, the 17,000 spectators didn't overdo the considerate host bit, especially when the U.S. was involved. For example, even though Russia came into the finals with a chance of beating Cuba in the team standings—and the Cubans could therefore be excused for rooting against them—there were only tepid cheers when New York's Howard Davis, a 17-year-old 125-pounder, won a split decision over Soviet favorite Boris Kuznetsov. A chorus of de-

risory whistles greeted Welterweight Clinton Jackson when he stepped up to face Emilio Correa, a popular hometown veteran. And the same sort of welcome was afforded U.S. Heavyweight Marvin Stinson, who took on Teofilo Stevenson, Cuba's Olympic champion.

Unaffected by his reception, Davis personally dashed any hope that Russia might have held for the team title by pecking Kuznetsov to pieces with a flackering left hand mixed with an occasional countering right. Davis' appearance was as bristling as his style: he fights with his Afro done up in pigtails, which bounced wildly in the bright ring lights, giving him the look of an enraged porcupine.

Kuznetsov had been cut over the left eye in a semifinal bout two days before, and one of Davis' countering rights knocked the packing out of the cut. It stood out grotesquely for a few moments before Davis belted it loose and the cut began to bleed again. It bled off and on throughout the fight but did not impair the Russian's vision and had nothing to do with the outcome.

Jackson, the 21-year-old Tennessean, elected to stand up and slug with Correa. He had some luck with this tactic in the first round, but fighting on the inside with the tough, battle-hardened Cuban was a mistake. Correa began catching Jackson with heavy right hands as the third round began; he knocked him down in the middle of the round and knocked him out just before it ended.

This outcome prompted happy delirium in the stands. Even the guards, who had been standing immobile and serious, howled with glee, and one of them, overcome by the glory of it all, staggered around in imitation of Jackson's plight, evoking a fresh storm of laughter.

But no one laughed at Stinson. The mighty Stevenson came into the fight under a bit of a cloud: he had been unable

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BOXING continued

to knock out a 37-year-old Nigerian in an earlier bout. And while he tried to make up for it in the Friday final he failed to even discomfort Simson, although he won a predictable decision.

Simson is a small heavyweight with an uncanny resemblance to Floyd Patterson in size, build, peek-a-boo style and features. Unhappily he lacks the quick hands and punching power that marked Patterson at his peak. Still, he forced the fight against Stevenson, making the 6'3", 220-pound Cuban miss again and again. Simson moved and jabbed and ducked under Stevenson's fearsome right hooks, and occasionally tagged Stevenson with a right hook of his own. Simson looked like a small dog plugging a mastiff and he got away with it. In one round Stevenson hit him a glancing blow with a right and caught him a few times with left hooks, but Simson was never in danger and Stevenson was never very impressive.

This was the first world amateur championship outside the Olympics, and the Cubans handled the presentation superbly. The fights were staged in the Sports City Coliseum, a bright, air-conditioned arena decorated with a billboard-size painting of Che Guevara and dozens of giant photographs showing Stevenson battering Duane Bobick into submission at the Munich Olympics. Indeed, Bobick may be the most widely recognized U.S. athlete in all Cuba, since he appears in his unenviable role as a punching bag in pictures all over the city.

The teams stayed at the Havana Libre, once the luxurious Havana Hilton. Unfortunately, the hotel is no longer palatial: the hot-water taps emit a lukewarm stream at best (at worst, they emit nothing) and the air conditioning in some of the rooms fights a feeble and often losing battle against the heat and humidity of the Cuban summer.

But the food was edible, the water potable and the service—considering the fact that tipping is outlawed—remarkably prompt and sometimes cheerful. Since the hotel was crammed with athletes, judges, officials and journalists from 56 countries, this was a considerable feat.

The U.S. team did not bring any special food or water and seemed none the worse for it, though Simson lost about seven pounds and might have made the light heavyweight division if he had stayed another week. By the time he

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BOXING continued

faced Stevenson he weighed 184 pounds.

All the teams trained in the Prado, a beautiful old marble building that was the social center of Havana in the days of Spanish colonialism. It looks like a castle, with sweeping marble stairways climbing three stories around a patio.

The teams were ferried back and forth in new Italian mini-buses through lovely, tree-lined streets upon which rolled a peculiar mélange of ancient, finned American cars and small, new European imports. As the U.S. team climbed the stairs at the Prado for their workouts, they were greeted with the inevitable photograph of Stevenson clobbering Bobick with everything but a machete.

This was not the best of U.S. teams, although it is doubtful if the best would have done much better against the well-trained Cubans and Russians. "Our problem is that a lot of our best fighters turned pro right after our nationals," explained Chico Segura, one of the U.S. coaches. Segura is small, sandy-haired and freckled with a faint, scrubby mustache and a penchant for adding "sar" to every sentence.

"We are not making excuses, sir," he said, "but Sugar Ray Leonard, a light welterweight, probably the best amateur boxer of any weight in the country (\$1, June 24), injured his right hand. And Miguel Ayala, who had a good shot at gold in the 119-pound class, needed a rest. Leonard would probably have won a gold in the 139-pound division, sir."

As it was, the U.S. team did well to put three men into the finals. Only Cuba, with six, and Russia, with four, had more. Premier Fidel Castro, talking to Bob Sarkis, one of the U.S. referees, pointed out the principal reason: "We cannot have professionalism here in Cuba and we never will have," Castro said. "I think that is the trouble with U.S. teams. Your boxers turn professional too young, before they are fully trained."

Certainly, the U.S. boxers are much younger than their Iron Curtain counterparts, many of whom would be at the end of their pro careers in the States. "Age and maturity helps them, sir," Segura said. "But most of them fight in the same style: high left hand, right hand protecting the jaw. They move ahead in a straight line, trying to crowd you into the ropes. They throw the right straight, and if you let them move you back you are in trouble. You have to keep them in the center of the ring, move in fast, move

continued

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out to one side or the other, not straight back. You watch our Howard Davis."

Davis carried out the U.S. strategy perfectly. In the semifinals on Wednesday afternoon he met Mariano Alvarez, a compact, hard-hitting fighter who exemplifies the Cuban-Russian style. Davis, taller and faster on his feet, moved in and out and circled, flicking the Cuban time and again with a good left jab, sometimes meeting his rushes with a short right hand to the head. He was being tagged himself with strong rights in close, but he did not often stay in close. By the third round he had Alvarez going out of his style a bit, sometimes lowering his high left to get leverage for hooks. Alvarez seemed to be the more punishing fighter and the outcome was in doubt. But Davis had an edge that came out in the scoring.

One of the five judges was a Russian. Normally, in a fight as close as this, the Russian vote would automatically have gone to the Cuban. But Russia and Cuba were in their tight contest for the team championship, and the Russian voted

for Davis, giving him a 3-2 decision over Alvarez to the whistled dismay of the crowd. Although the judging by and large was good, it was sometimes more political than even-handed.

Meanwhile, Stevenson, who is considered to be the best amateur heavyweight in the world, won his semifinal easily. But Fatai Ayinla, a 37-year-old Nigerian heavyweight who has been fighting for 22 years and is one of the coaches of his national team, lasted the entire three rounds and at times made Stevenson look confused and uncertain.

Ayinla is a square, rather pudgy left-hander who moves around the ring about as gracefully as a dancing bear. But he has had more than 200 amateur bouts and has never been knocked off his feet.

Stevenson boxed him almost contemptuously in the first round, then spent the second and third doing his utmost to knock Ayinla out. The ungainly-looking Nigerian, lumbering as fast as he could and retaliating at times with a slow, swinging charge of his own, took an oc-

casional hard right to the head, but none of them made him blink. He was carried out of the arena in triumph by his countrymen after the decision, grinning broadly and waving. Later, at his delayed dinner, he was still smiling. "Never, at no time, was I hurt," he said. "But now it is done, now I am through with the fighting. Now I am coach."

When the fighting was all over, one could not help but be impressed with the Cuban team. They were easily the best-conditioned athletes at the meet, and they fought with patriotic fervor. Castro sat at ringside to congratulate each of the Cuban winners personally, and he even put his arms around Jorge Romero, a Cuban loser, to console him.

The Russians had expected to win the tournament but, ironically, they encountered a revolution. Certainly they could have seen it coming: outside the coliseum entrance, in three-foot-high neon letters, is a sign that reads, "Revolutions, in this moment of history, on this continent, are inevitable." **END**

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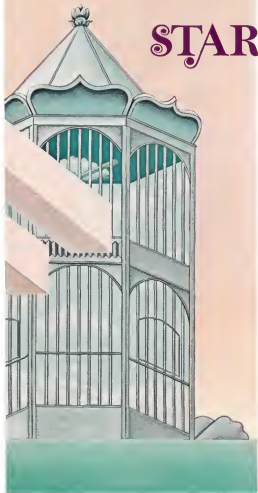
A PLAGUE OF STARLINGS

*The pretty plan was
to bring the Bard's birds
to America. It brought
troubles by the flock*

by ROBERT CANTWELL

The worst lines in English poetry—from the point of view of bluebirds, flickers and bird watchers, at least—are in Shakespeare's *King Henry IV*, Part I, Act I, Scene 3. Edmund Mortimer, the Earl of March, is held for ransom by outlaws in Wales. Young Henry Percy, known as Hotspur, is married to Mortimer's sister Kitty. He wants King Henry to ransom Mortimer. The king refuses (Mortimer has a claim to his throne) and with fine Elizabethan eloquence tells Hotspur to shut up. "Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer," he says, and exits. Now gallant Hotspur, fresh from a victory in which 10,000 dead Scots are piled in heaps on the battlefield, explodes in turn. "Speak of Mortimer? Zounds! I will speak of him." Not quite ready to rebel, Hotspur plans to sneak up on the king while he is asleep and holler "Mortimer!" in his ear. Then he has a better idea. Starlings are mimics. They have no song of their own but imitate other birds and can be trained to repeat words. So Hotspur, pacing back and forth, says:

continued



STARLINGS *continued*

*I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Marmion,' and give it him.*

Quite a plan; a starling croaking "Marmion" would give the king—or anybody—a turn.

But Hotspur never has a chance to carry out his project, and Shakespeare never mentioned starlings again. There are 725 references to birds in his plays and many others in his poems. Nightingales, swans, eagles, doves and crows are mentioned often. The starling ranks with the loon and the osprey in being mentioned only once. Nevertheless, in the spring of 1890, almost 300 years after Shakespeare wrote *King Henry IV*, 60 starlings were released in Central Park in New York as a direct result of Hotspur's speech, and from these, and another shipment the following spring, all the starlings in North America are descended.

The man who released the birds was Eugene Schieffelin, an elegant and eccentric figure in New York high society. The date was March 16, a cold and disagreeable Sunday, with the early morning temperature at 25°. Schieffelin hoped to bring into the U.S. all the birds Shakespeare mentioned that were not native to North America. If he could have foreseen the results he might very well have made an exception in the case of the starling. For there are now more starlings in the U.S. than almost any other species, and all the evidence indicates they will soon be the most numerous birds in the land.

Schieffelin lived at the time in patrician comfort on Madison Avenue near 65th Street, a short block from the woods of Central Park. He was lean, handsome, aristocratic, with thin features, a prominent nose and a thick drooping mustache. He is given passing mention in guidebooks to American land birds when they take up, sometimes with ill-concealed bitterness, the task of identifying the starling.

Schieffelin had a profound influence on theories of bird behavior, on government legislation affecting birds and on the variety of game birds U.S. hunters are allowed to shoot. He has fallen into undeserved obscurity, as have other 19th century bird fanciers. They imported

charming birds like skylarks and German songbirds, or ones that are challenging to hunt, like Chinese pheasants. It is the intention here to give these men a modest measure of historic justice, and their names and deeds will be recorded in due course. But first, to understand the risks of importing birds, a preliminary look should be taken at Schieffelin's starlings.

It's hard to find anyone with a kind word to say for starlings. Francis of Assisi, if he ever tangled with them, might have been tempted to whittle himself a slingshot. They have been called cocky, belligerent, disagreeable, aggressive, dirty, foul, filthy and just plain rotten. Ever since Schieffelin brought them in they have been leaving their mark on public buildings; on one occasion 11 tons of starling dung had to be scraped off the dome of the state capitol in Springfield, Ill. Starlings eat a great many weevils, stinkbugs, grasshoppers, caterpillars and beetles, but native birds had been doing so for thousands of years before the starlings arrived and needed no help from pushy strangers.

There are about 110 species of starlings in the world, but the only one in North America is the European starling, *Sturna vulgaris*, which until Schieffelin went to work ranged from Great Britain to parts of Mongolia. The starling averages 8½" in length and has a lustrous metallic sheen to its greenish-black, lightly spotted plumage. It has a yellowish-white bill and short legs set wide apart, which give it a bowlegged appearance. Starlings walk rather than hop, placing one foot in front of the other in a way that makes them appear penguin-toed. They have a peculiar swinging gait, as though they were shouldering someone off a sidewalk. They travel in flocks, and when they feed along the ground they walk fast, all heading in the same direction, staying close together, and moving with a purposeful, disciplined and deliberate air; no grazing or straying, just eating and hurrying along in search of mischief.

They seem to dislike rather than fear mankind. The veteran bird watcher and drama critic Brooks Atkinson, whose bluebirds were driven away by starlings, wrote that the victorious starlings perched on his chimney and snarled at him when he passed by. If these tone-

deaf creatures could sing—an appalling thought—the tune would be "Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better." Instead of being frightened when a human being comes along, a flock of starlings shows off. They swoop, dive and wheel, executing right-angle turns like figure skaters. These movements are intermixed with leopards glides and swift undulating dips and surges, all performed in such densely packed, wingtip-close masses and at such high speed that signals of changed direction from one bird to another are impossible. They seem rehearsed, programmed.

But it takes a great many starlings to put on a show, and they could not perform when there were only 100 in North America. Why did Schieffelin bring them in? He loved Shakespeare, and he considered it his duty to give his countrymen the cuckoos and nightingales nature had failed to provide. If you can find his biography, which is about as easy as locating the remains of the lapwings Schieffelin also imported, you will learn that his alarming success with starlings ranked even over his work in introducing the English sparrow into this country. But he shared the credit for the sparrows—if credit is the word—with other deluded bird enthusiasts. The starling was all his own.

Until he got mixed up with birds he had a blameless career. The Schieffelin family was one of the wealthiest in New York, having pioneered in the wholesale drug business. When oil was discovered in Pennsylvania, the Schieffelins bottled and sold petroleum as internal medicine, which was then more profitable than selling it for fuel. Eugene's grandfather Jacob, born in Philadelphia, was a British soldier in the colonial wars and a merchant and Indian trader before setting up shop in New York in 1794, having lived down the handicap of supporting King George III in the Revolution. Eugene's father, Henry Hamilton Schieffelin, was a lawyer, a friend of botanists and men of letters, and something of an adventurer who wandered around Europe until the enormous wealth of the family business compelled him to spend all his time managing it.

Eugene was born in 1827, the youngest of seven children. He was not expect-

ed to do anything at all except—as one social historian puts it—develop his “rare intellectual qualities, the results of inherited tastes and talents”; his mother wrote poetry. Instead he went into business when he was only 22 years old. He was a conscientious clubman, going regularly to the St. Nicholas, just around the corner from his home, or to the Union, the Corinthian Yacht Club or the Tuxedo, then the favorite organization of upper-class sportsmen. He was in the *Society List* from its inception, as well

as in the *Club Register* which preceded it. After he married an heiress whose father owned much of the land on which Brooklyn was built, his social and financial position was unrivaled. He was a gifted artist, and after he retired from business in his early 30s he passed his time painting portraits. He had a serious, not to say solemn, view of his position as a leader of society. There was no Gilded Age extravagance about him: he simply thought he owed it to the public to maintain an active social life and attached a

special value—as the family chronicler prissily notes—“to culture and refinement in the best sense.” In his spare time he took up ornithology and impressed his friends with the depth of his knowledge about birds.

Between 1852 and 1860 he lived in a mansion on Fifth Avenue at Madison Square. Caterpillars infested the trees in the square, and he imported 32 English sparrows to start a colony to exterminate the caterpillars. He was not the first in this respect. A shipment had been turned loose by someone else in a Brooklyn cemetery at least 10 years before. The sparrows preceded the starlings as nuisances. In 1870 the city of Philadelphia released a thousand sparrows in its parks. The result was a chain reaction of sparrow colonies. The birds traveled in empty boxcars that had contained grain, and spread almost at once around railroad yards all over the country. The hatred focused on English sparrows was almost hysterical. They were described in Congress as “rats of the air, vermin of the atmosphere.” Elliot Coues, director of the Biological Survey, who was one of the most vigorous and interesting nature writers of the time (until he gave up science for spiritualism), denounced sparrows as “wretched interlopers we have thoughtlessly introduced, and played with, and coddled.” Detestation of sparrows led to bounties being paid for dead birds (\$117,500 in all), to attempts to sell them in markets (25¢ a dozen), to massive sparrow-trapping operations (400,000 trapped in Indianapolis in two years) and to shooting, poisoning, netting and nest-destroying, in which a lot of birds other than sparrows were killed.

It was only natural for Schieffelin to want to import such beloved English birds as skylarks and nightingales to counteract the bad reputation of sparrows. Moreover, he had rivals. The most effective was the Cincinnati Acclimatization Society, which was dedicated to the introduction into the U.S. of “all useful insect-eating European birds, as well as the best singers.” In 1873 the society sent its secretary, Armin Tenner, to Europe. He arranged for the trapping of some 3,000 birds of various species in Germany and along the Danube. By the standards of the time it cost a small fortune to

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The aristocratic Eugene Schieffelin did not foresee the alarming fertility of the starlings.

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STARLINGS continued

import live birds, but the Cincinnati society was backed by wealthy businessmen. The birds reached Cincinnati in mid-December and were kept throughout the winter in an empty mansion in Burnett Woods Park. When the weather cleared in the spring, the birds were taken into the park and, amid considerable civic excitement, turned loose.

They disappeared. Only the skylarks returned the next spring, and then they too vanished. Tenner gave several theories as to what happened. One was that the birds were shot. Another was that they were taken by birds of prey which they had not known in the Old Country and so did not know how to escape. The society spent another \$5,000 bringing in 15 new species, but they disappeared also. Tenner theorized that the birds were confused by the geography of North America. They flew west thinking they were migrating south. Arriving at the Pacific Ocean, they thought it was some European body of water they could fly across. "They start across the ocean," Tenner said. "They fly hundreds of miles and find no sign of land. They become bewildered. Completely exhausted and no longer able to fly, they drop down one by one into the waters of the Pacific Ocean. They are drowned, lost." The society lost its financial backing and quit importing birds.

Schieffelin was not so easily discouraged. He organized the American Acclimatization Society. His brother Maunsell headed the New York Colonization Society. By 1877 Schieffelin was regularly releasing English songbirds in Central Park. He had rivals even there. Joshua Jones, an elderly social figure out of the *Society List*, and John Lansing Sutherland, from the *Club Register*, were liberating chaffinches and other birds. But they had no profound central purpose akin to Schieffelin's plan to import all of Shakespeare's birds, and soon gave up.

On the West Coast more rivals appeared, as tenacious as Schieffelin himself. The German Song Bird Society of Portland, Ore. was formed to import into the Northwestern woods all the birds whose songs the German immigrants had enjoyed in Germany. Directly before their eyes was one of the most spectacularly successful introductions of a for-

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eign game bird in history, Owen Denny's work with the ringnecked pheasant of China. Denny had arrived in Oregon in 1852 from a farm in Ohio, crossing the plains by covered wagon. When he was 14 his father was killed by the kick of an Indian pony, and Owen had to work to help support the family. He worked his way through college, studied law and was elected a police-court judge. Appointed consul in Tientsin in 1877, he became interested in Chinese birds while studying the attitude of Chinese farmers toward them. Unlike American farmers, they did not shoot or frighten birds from their fields. They netted them, however, and placed them on sale, live, at the markets. Chinese would not buy dead birds, fearing they had been poisoned. Denny bought a dozen bedraggled and half-starved ringnecked pheasants and took them home to fatten them. They grew so rapidly and became so beautiful that he kept them to admire them, and one day the thought crossed his mind that they might do well in Oregon. The ship *Oregon* was at the point of sailing for Port Townsend, Washington Territory, and in January 1881 Denny loaded about 60 pheasants on it.

Few birds were lost in the ocean crossing. But at Port Townsend, at the entrance of Puget Sound some 200 miles from Portland, they were roughly handled, shipped by train for several days, and only three hens and 17 cocks were alive when they reached Oregon in March. Denny's instructions on how the birds were to be released were disregarded; they were turned loose in the damp woodlands near the mouth of the Columbia River and apparently none survived. Denny was furious. The birds had cost him about \$300. It happened to be a time of intense anti-Chinese feeling on the Pacific Coast, and Denny, who admired the Chinese people as well as Chinese birds, became determined to plant his pheasants in Oregon. The following spring he sent over a better-prepared shipment on a vessel sailing directly to Portland. His brother John released 28 pheasants on a grassy butte behind the Denny farm.

In the meantime Denny had been appointed consul-general at Shanghai and became a leader of the foreign colony in the city. He had earlier persuaded the Ore-

gon legislature to protect his birds for 11 years. But they multiplied so fast that farmers accused them of eating their grain and hunters were killing them. Denny left the consular service in 1884 and sent home a shipment of golden, silver, copper and green pheasants from China and Japan that cost him from \$5 to \$9 apiece. These he entrusted to the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club, while he took up new duties as foreign affairs adviser to the king of Korea. The gun club placed the birds on a 700-acre island in Puget Sound, promising the owner \$50 plus \$25 a month to care for them. Within a year, however, the club was declared bankrupt and disbanded. The island's owner thereupon sold hunting rights to sportsmen for \$25 each, which effectively stopped the propagation of silver, golden, green and copper pheasants.

Enormous numbers of ringnecked pheasants were being shot illegally, but they still increased beyond any one's expectations. When the prohibition against killing them expired and the first season began, some 50,000 pheasants were killed on opening day. The figure was questioned as unbelievable, but a correspondent for the Portland *Oregonian* telegraphed his paper, "A veritable cannonade is being kept up in this vicinity today." The season was long—Aug. 1 to Nov. 15—and market hunters put so many birds on sale that the markets were flooded. Tales of ringnecked-pheasant hunting around Lebanon, Ore. reached Eastern sportsmen and some 15 hunters regularly made the 3,000-mile train trip to be present on opening day. For the past half-century or so U.S. hunters have been taking from 10 to 12 million pheasants a year.

Scheffelin undoubtedly knew of Denny's overwhelmingly successful importation. So did Frank Dekum, a German-American businessman who knew Denny and reasoned that if Chinese pheasants could flourish in Oregon, so could German songbirds. Dekum was a shipwreck son of German immigrants in St. Louis. At 16 he left home for the California gold fields. Later he moved to Portland, where he was the proprietor of a combined fruit store, confectionery and bakery and became president of the Portland Savings

Bank and one of the wealthiest men in the city. One-third of Portland's 50,000 inhabitants were German immigrants, and as a leader of the German colony Dekum put up most of the money for the German Song Bird Society.

The first shipment cost a formidable \$1,400. But unlike Scheffelin's solitary effort, the Oregon importation was a community enterprise. Collections were made, and admission charged when the caged birds were exhibited. The first birds arrived in poor condition. A second shipment was ordered. Charles Pfluger, a real-estate dealer and agent for German steamship lines, reported sizable numbers brought to Portland at different times: 20 pairs of goldfinches, 20 pairs of parrot crossbills, 40 pairs each of goldfinches, chaffinches and siskins, 35 pairs of green linnets, five pairs of robin red-breasts, 10 pairs of woodlarks, 35 pairs of nightingales—nearly 500 birds in all. Another report added 35 pairs of starlings and 20 pairs of European black-capped warblers.

The skylarks and woodlarks were turned loose in the country where Denny's pheasants had done so well. All the others were released in the city park in Portland. The idea was that German birds should be singing where the homesick immigrants could hear them. For many years the birds were reported to be flourishing. Pfluger, who corresponded with Scheffelin, insisted that almost all the birds were doing splendidly. He wrote that the "useful and lovely bird, the skylark" had increased wonderfully and could be heard singing in meadows all over Oregon. While it seems to be true that skylarks and starlings survived for a few years before they vanished, all the others disappeared, as had the imports in Cincinnati and New York.

But Scheffelin did not know that and increased his shipments. In sum, 20 or 30 species released over 20 years in Oregon, Ohio and New York had completely failed before Scheffelin's starlings at last took hold. The first report that their numbers were increasing came in the spring of 1891. Directly across Central Park from Scheffelin's neighborhood was the huge new brick building of the Museum of Natural History. One day a man named Walter Granger was clam-

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STARLINGS continued

bering around the roof and spotted a starling nest in a corner. That was enough for Schieffelin, who hurriedly brought over another shipment of foreign birds, including 40 more starlings. He released these on April 25, 1891, a fine spring morning; the birds promptly disappearing from sight. They were unreported until the following spring, when Granger again found a nesting pair on the museum roof. (Later that spring a pair of newly imported skylarks built a nest in a corner of the museum.) In those days the 840 acres of Central Park were densely wooded and any number of birds could live there undetected, so it is possible other starlings were nesting somewhere else. But a sharp-eyed contributor to the *Oologist Monthly Magazine* tookology is the study of birds' eggs) spent the month of May 1893 counting birds in Central Park and did not see a single starling. He sighted 68 other species but none of the tough *Sturnus vulgaris*. In that same month 15 thrushes brought over from England were turned loose in the park, adding to the 35 pairs previously released there. Published accounts did not say who imported them, but it could only have been Schieffelin. Whatever mistakes he made about birds, he certainly knew his Shakespeare; the thrush appears in *A Winter's Tale*:

*With length' with length' the thrush
and the jay
Are summer songs for me and my
ams
While we lie moulting in the May.*

Nothing more was ever heard of the thrushes. Schieffelin's skylarks and nightingales also disappeared forever. Then in the spring of 1898 a boy in Brooklyn threw a stone at a bird not previously known in that borough and killed it. Two more of the mysterious visitors were shot by Brooklynites who wanted to see what breed they were. They sent the bodies to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the U.S. Biological Survey. They were *Sturnus vulgaris*, the first to have ventured outside Central Park. The following spring Dr. George Bird Grinnell, a celebrated naturalist of the time, was riding his horse near Riverside Drive in New York when he spotted a bird he had never seen walking around a patch of lawn.

"The bird was black, with a white bill and a short tail," he reported. "It was a European starling, unless I am very much mistaken. . . . I shall endeavor to investigate the matter further."

Later that summer a physician who was also an amateur ornithologist discovered that a flock of starlings had taken over a tower of Boys High School in Brooklyn. About the same time a man named Wilnot Townsend, who lived a few miles from the school, heard a strange and disagreeable *chewt, chewt, chewt* sound. Investigating, he found a flock of 20 starlings, and must have been surprised, for propagandists for bird importations had given the impression that starlings had a pleasing and melodious call. The bird was still so little known that Townsend's report was news. He said that "starlings seem to hold aloof and do not fraternize with other birds."

It apparently did not occur to laymen or scientists that it was the other way around—other birds did not fraternize with starlings. This was not inhospitability but plain common sense. After overpopulating the museum and Boys High, the starlings were hard pressed for nesting sites. They were soon laying eggs on barn doors and window shutters and in crevices of public buildings, and appropriating the nests of other species. They were especially pleased with the handsome birdhouses people put up for purple martins and bluebirds.

Their attachment to bluebird houses led to the most disconcerting discovery of the whole starling invasion. It was generally believed (it still is) that birds and other wild creatures are motivated by practical concerns and do not have such human failings as envy, spite, political enmity, racial bias or conscious troublemaking. Birds fight other birds that threaten their nests or food supply, and they may sing to assert their right to their territory, but they do not go out of their way to browbeat other birds just for the pleasure of it. But that is what starlings did to bluebirds: they just perched nearby, staring, wheezing and whistling. The first extensive study of the starling made by the U.S. Government (*Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 868*) said, "It seems almost as if the bird was actuated more by a morbid pleasure of annoying

its neighbor than by any necessity arising from a scarcity of nesting sites."

In one detailed account two bluebirds built their nest high on an elm tree in Norwalk, Conn., in spite of the raucous jangling of starlings gathered around watching them. The bluebirds finally left without nesting. A bird watcher hurriedly built a birdhouse and the bluebirds returned and began putting nesting material in it. In their absence the starlings entered the birdhouse and threw out the nesting material. The bluebirds put it back. The starlings threw it out again. This went on for three days. The bird watcher (unnamed in the Government's report) built another birdhouse with an opening large enough for bluebirds but too small for starlings. This time the bluebirds nested, but the male bluebird was found dead beneath the birdhouse; the reasonable suspicion was that the starlings had something to do with its demise.

At about the same time, in Ambler, Pa., a bird watcher saw starlings kill two nesting robins, "the victims being dispatched by powerful pecks on the head." Starlings were also seen breaking the eggs in robins' nests. In Closter, N.J., a man who owned a pigeon loft was appalled to see a gang of tough-looking howlegged birds drive away his adult pigeons, enter the loft and drag out the squabs, dropping them to the ground. But the worst sufferers (except bluebirds) were yellow-shafted flickers, a beautiful woodpecker whose tree-hole nests were exactly what starlings wanted. In one authenticated account a pair of flickers in Port Chester, N.Y. found a pair of starlings watching their nest opening but making no overt attack so long as the flickers stared back. (Flickers are bigger than starlings.) Whenever a flicker looked away, one of the starlings darted for the nest opening. The flicker attacked it and both birds fell to the ground, the starling taking flight. After several days of this intermittent fighting both birds were pretty well deflated. When the flicker eggs were hatched the fighting intensified. The flickers somehow raised their young, but then cleared out. In Hartford, Conn., six starlings set up a continuous watch on a nest of flickers. According to the Government's *Economic Value of the Starling to the United States*, "Presently a flicker

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STARLINGS continued

came out, dragging a starling with him." While the flicker and the starling battled outside the nest, another starling darted into it. The flicker consequently had to stop fighting the first starling and drag out the second. While he was battling with it, a third starling darted into the nest opening. The flicker repeated the entire performance "for about half an hour, when he gave up, leaving the starlings in possession."

"The starling is an interesting, entertaining bird," said another Government study. *Department of Agriculture Technical Bulletin No. 61*. "They are cherry fellows, too," said an editorial note in *Forest and Stream Magazine*. This was a minority opinion, certainly not shared by fruit farmers. In Bristol, Conn., a flock estimated at 300 starlings swept down on a cherry tree and consumed all the fruit in less than 15 minutes. Everyone knew that robins ate cherries, but they did so quietly and inconspicuously. An individual robin, moved by hunger, followed his own impulses in flying to a tree while another robin flew to a different tree in response to his own ideas. But a flock of starlings flew in fast, like the Luftwaffe, landed on a predetermined tree, ate the cherries and put on one of their aerial performances as they flew away while the farmer was still looking for his shotgun. How did they know which tree to select? Did they study the orchard ahead of time? How was the feeding attack coordinated? Did they hold a meeting, take a vote? Or did they somehow respond uniformly through the entire flock in the way an individual robin responded to a solitary impulse? However starlings accomplished it, farmers complained that a tree whose yield was worth \$60 a season produced only \$10 worth of fruit after one of their visits.

Starlings extended their range so slowly no one anticipated they would become a nationwide nuisance. By 1902 they had merely crossed the Hudson River into New Jersey, and a few had been seen around Sing Sing Prison some 40 miles north of Central Park. The annual Christmas bird count in 1905 reported only one starling in the New York area. In 1909 young Maunsell Schieffelin Crosby, an ornithologist who was Eugene's nephew, reported the first starling ever

seen near Hyde Park, not far from the home of Franklin Roosevelt, a bird watcher himself. In 1910, or 20 years after Schieffelin released the first 60 birds, starlings ranged between Philadelphia to the south and Providence, R. I. to the north, a distance of about 200 miles.

Thereafter their growth was explosive. They discovered Washington, D.C., their favorite city, in 1916. In 1917 a starling was seen in Savannah. In 1930 a single starling was observed in a farm lot seven miles west of Sedalia, Mo.—major news for bird watchers, since it was believed that the lack of trees and nesting sites would prevent starlings from crossing the plains. The first starlings reached Jackson, Wyo. a few years later.

In the early 1940s starlings appeared in northern California, having crossed the Rockies, which also had been expected to stop them. They spread so rapidly that by 1948 a flock of 25 was discovered in the desert country west of the Salton Sea. Two starlings were spotted in downtown San Diego in 1959. They must have carried back a favorable report, for five years later starlings were not only located in the city, they were found in Baja California 180 miles south. There are no yellow-shafted flickers in California, so the starlings appropriated the nests of the red-shafted flicker. By 1964 starlings were so well established in Arizona, where they nested in holes in saguaro cactus, that it seemed likely they would soon be found in the Mexican and Arizona deserts.

They have now reached Alaska. In the course of his ceaseless wanderings on behalf of bird studies, Roger Tory Peterson found starlings in central Mexico, and they have since been reported in Yucatan. Not one of half a dozen ornithological authorities would make a guess as to how many millions of starlings have descended from Schieffelin's original importation. When the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife undertook the first breeding-bird survey in 1966, more starlings were counted than any other bird except grackles. The study was limited to the region east of the Mississippi. Observers set out half an hour before dawn on summer mornings over 585 routes in 26 states and part of southern Canada. Each observer stopped at 50 stations, half

a mile apart, for three minutes, noting all the birds that could be seen and identified at each station. More than half a million birds of 376 species were counted, of which 48,676 were starlings and 49,750 grackles.

By 1969, when the survey had been extended to the Pacific Coast, 1,361 observers spot-checked birds at 88,050 stations. In their 4½-hour count they ticked off 74,410 starlings among the 470 species observed. The observers spotted 23,920 bobwhite, 688 great blue herons, 721 blue-winged teal, 6,575 ringnecked pheasants, 11,684 indigo buntings, 282 wood ducks, seven roseate spoonbills, 2,487 bluebirds, 270 prothonotary warblers, 4,922 yellow-shafted flickers and many common and uncommon hawks, owls and nutcrackers. Only red-winged blackbirds (101,865) and English sparrows (77,965) outnumbered starlings.

But the most astounding increase was in California and the other Western states, where the starling population has been growing at the rate of 39% each year since 1968. From a zero population some 30 years ago starlings now outnumber all the 110 species in California counted during the survey except the English sparrow, abundant there ever since 1855, and five native birds: house finch, meadowlark, mourning dove, Brewer's blackbird and red-winged blackbird. Projecting the current increase, the starling population of California will soon equal that of New York, where the bird has been breeding since 1890. But there is no comparison with the rate of increase, for starlings in California have multiplied as rapidly in years as those in New York multiplied in decades. The bird has at last found the ideal home it has searched for ever since leaving Central Park, and its increase in the past is likely to seem minor compared to what is expected of it in the future.

None of the men who imported birds gained anything from their labors. Even Owen Duffy (though he was given some spotted pheasants by the Rod and Gun Club shortly before it went broke) was a target of abuse from farmers. Frank Dekum, the German-American known as "a warm friend of the little warbling stranger," had a moment of glory after

continued

BIG THREE UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.

DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equipment, optional equipment and destination charges. The increases average over \$550 per vehicle over final '73 model prices.

It was the sixth

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of \$584 and \$458 respectively.

Extraordinary Increases

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry, which in the past tried to limit increases to one per model year.

However, the recent rises in the cost of materials have forced the auto makers to



Little One Down!



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10 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MARCH '74.

STARLINGS *continued*

a big shipment of birds in 1892, but in 1893 his Portland Savings Bank failed, and he was subject "to much unjust censure by the depositors." The receiver for the closed bank was none other than Denny, home from directing the foreign affairs of Korea. Dekum worked to get the bank reopened and succeeded, only to have it close again almost at once. Worn out, he planned to go to Hawaii to rest, but died the day before he was to leave Portland. Not long afterward Denny was gored by a bull on his farm, suffered a stroke, and died in 1900.

Schiffelin died in 1906 without knowing that his only successful introduction was the starling—and without knowing why only the starling, the English sparrow and Chinese pheasant survived of all the birds that he and his rivals set free. Nor does anyone know now. The prevailing belief is that a niche existed in North American nature, an empty place not needed by competing species, a sort of vacuum that starlings could fill without encountering the struggles for food and shelter that killed off other introduced species. When the Lacey Act was passed in 1900 it specifically prohibited the importation of starlings. By that time it was too late. Under the Lacey Act the Office of Foreign Game Introduction was eventually established. Birds could no longer be brought in for whimsical reasons, such as a mention in Shakespeare. A thorough scientific study of the effect on native birds, on agriculture and on human beings was carved out. As a result, 114 species were studied in some 20 years in Europe and Asia, and 14, including capercaillies, francolin pheasants, francolins and golden, silver, copper and green pheasants, were tested, studied and eventually released.

Last year the entire bird introduction program was abolished. An amendment to the Lacey Act now being considered sets up such strict controls that introduction of foreign species is in effect prohibited. There will never again be anything like the starling invasion, a very wise decision, though considerably belated. But: too, there will never again be anything like the introduction of the ring-necked pheasant or the chukar partridge or any other agreeable import. Starlings have a lot to answer for.

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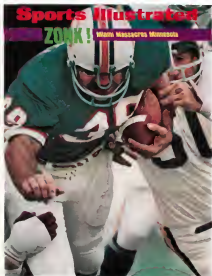
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PENWAY FEVER

Sir

Congratulations to Mark Mulvey on his article about the Red Sox (*Strangers at Paradise*, Aug. 26). What is perhaps most exciting about this team is the sense of community we're finally getting. Not only are Dwight Evans, Rick Burleson, Cecil Cooper et al. doing the job in Boston, but the Pawtucket (R.I.) farm team, which has just supplanted the Sox with Outfielder Jim Rice, has some other outstanding players. I hesitate to term them surefire major-leaguers (all of the reluctance of a hardened Red Sox fan), but the current Fenway starters are beginning to notice the pressure from below.

This year feels better than 1967. Then we knew it was nothing more than a wonderful, one-shot affair with destiny. Now we know better. Maybe.

FRANK FURIN

Covington, R.I.

Sir

As a lad of live in 1919 I adopted the Red Sox as my team, and I've been a faithful fan ever since. But these Red Sox have speed, which the teams of the '30s, '50s and '60s always lacked. Hail-o to Owner Tom Yawkey, Manager Darrrell Johnson, the team and all the million-plus loyal Red Sox fans of America. The A's can be defeated this year.

DANIEL GRIN, D.D.S.

Bellevue, Wis.

Sir

Since when does geographical place of residence dictate where a person's baseball loyalties lie? I hate to upset Mark Mulvey's system, but I live in Connecticut, a state I always thought was a component of that section called New England. Yet the Red Sox do not have me on Hysan pins and needles, or on any other type of pins and needles, for that matter. In fact, you'd have to classify me as one of their most loyal enemies.

As for calling Dwight Evans the best right-fielder in the American League, how can Mulvey overlook Reggie Jackson, Jeff Burroughs and Bobby Darwin, not to mention Bobby Murcer, who had 12 assists in his first 52 games after moving from center to right?

In the future, I suggest you be more careful of using the word *all*, as in "all New England," because there is always an exception. I am a Yankee fan.

DON CARRONE

Hamden, Conn.

Sir:

Reggie Jackson received the most votes of any player ever in All-Star balloting this year—there are people who say he should have received even more votes—and now

Mark Mulvey is trying to tell us that Dwight Evans (who?), a .290 hitter, is the best right-fielder in the American League. That's preposterous!

MARK KELLEY

Nevada, Calif.

Sir:

How can you call Dwight Evans the best right-fielder in the league? Charlie Spikes of Cleveland has more home runs, more runs batted in and has developed into a steady .290 hitter. Also, his fielding and running ability put him on a par with, if not above, Evans. Boston may have a good team, but it doesn't have the best right-fielder in the league. Cleveland has

AL NAVARONE

Parma, Ohio

DIVISIONAL THINKING

Sir

Your excellent article on the Red Sox reminded me that once again baseball's foolish divisional setup has robbed fans of a climactic pennant race between two excellent teams. As of Aug. 21 Boston and Oakland had almost identical records, with the A's coming into Fenway for a three-game series. Since each team was leading its division by a healthy margin, however, the significance of the series was greatly diminished. Similar situations existed in the American League in 1971 and 1973.

This should indicate even to baseball's myopic owners that the divisional system is reducing, not increasing, the number of pennant races. Those that it has produced have been bogus races among mediocre teams, witness the National League East. A similar race in 1972 involving the Red Sox was greeted by Boston fans with a yawn, because the team was not of championship caliber.

JACK MARSHALL

Arlington, Mass.

Sir

Since major league baseball already has 24 teams and is contemplating adding more, I think that something ought to be done about expanding the playoff format.

Being an avid fan of the Dodgers, I was naturally disappointed last year when they finished with the third-best record in the majors but were unable to enter the NL playoffs simply because the team with the best record—Cincinnati—was in the same division. I would suggest that four or even five teams be allowed to compete in the playoffs in each league, giving teams such as the Dodgers a chance to prove themselves, and boosting attendance in cities with good baseball teams that can't quite make it to the top. This would make for more exciting finishes

and eliminate any "who cares, we were out of it anyway" attitudes a player or team might have.

In a four-team playoff the two divisional leaders would meet the two second-place teams in a two-out-of-three series, with the winners playing three out of five. In a five-team playoff a third-place, wild-card team would compete, with the team with the best record exempt from playing in the first round.

I say let's get on the ball and dump the old system fast.

JAY SPIELMAN

San Jose, Calif.

FACING TAIWAN

Sir

I am a longtime subscriber for my sons and grandsons, and was very dismayed to see the 10-page story about the Taiwan Little League teams (*Going to Bat for Taiwan*, Aug. 19). I think in all fairness you should have waited until after the playoffs to print such a glowing report.

Couldn't you imagine how our Little Leaguers would react to such a story? I think it showed in their playing (*Cincinnati*, Oh, vs., *Cincinnati*, Sept. 2). Next year, if the Taiwanese are in the playoffs, it would be a good idea to hold off on your report so our American kids won't be scared to death when they meet them. This is not only my opinion but also my grandsons', and they play Little League ball.

THELMA WHITAKER

Lanaiette, N.J.

Sir:

Concerning Peter Carry's well-written article on the Taiwan Little Leaguers, Taiwan has won every one of its World Series titles through hard work and practice, something American Little Leaguers would rather not do because of other sports, television and, of course, girls. Most of the outstanding U.S. Little League teams of the past have consisted of one or two solid, talented, hard-working pitchers and eight other players who stood around and prayed the ball would not be hit to them. If the Americans are tired of losing, they should get off their apathy and put together a nine-man team that can beat Taiwan—Huang Ching-hui or Ho Huang Ching-hui.

K. C. WHITEN

Stamford, Conn.

SEEING RED

Sir

Every year it's the same thing, an article on an Oklahoma football player (*Don't Tinker with This Kid Brother*, Aug. 26). You guys are really stuck on them. Jack Mildren,

continued



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19TH HOLE *continued*

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KEN GLAZER

White Bear Lake, Minn.

Sir:

The Sooners will rise to the occasion once again and prove to the nation how tremendous they really are. And Tinker will have a tremendous year.

ERIC KLEIMAN

Oklahoma City

NEARLY A MISS

Sir:

Congratulations to Jack Curtis (*Just a Babe in the Woods*, Aug. 26) for lowering hunters another few notches in the public's esteem.

While I have great admiration for his son Babe's courage in holding his ground against a wounded boar's charge, Mr. Curtis seems to have forgotten one of the hunter's major responsibilities: to use a weapon that, given good shot placement, will ensure a quick, clean kill, so that the prey suffers as little as possible before death.

The use of a .22 (which Mr. Curtis himself admitted is almost totally ineffective against boar, and which required 12 slugs plus some luck before a "natural" could achieve a kill) was a poor lesson in sportsmanship for a young hunter, extremely foolish (the boar's charge almost succeeded) and bordered on the sadistic. One wonders if Mr. Curtis intended to hunt boar or merely to blast away at them.

ROBERT A. MARSHALL

Murphys, Calif.

Sir:

I am terribly weary of killing-for-pleasure glorifications, whatever their basis or justification. Since SI is a sports publication, what is wrong with confining yourselves to the field of sport?

STEVEN E. VIST

New York City

Sir:

Why does a boy "come of age" because he kills a boar with a dozen bullets? I fail to see anything in this even resembling sport. Of course, some boars must be killed for ecological reasons. Also, I admit the story was entertaining, but doesn't it belong in a hunting magazine? Aren't there sports, such as cliff diving, amateur wrestling, mountain climbing and the great Irish sport of hurling that are just as interesting? I'm sure there are.

SEAN WARD

Schenectady, N.Y.

continued



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Antonio Y Cleopatra.

18TH HOLE

JIM DUNN'S FOOTSTEPS (CONT.)

Sir

The experience Jim Dunn has shared with *SI* readers (*Young Man on the Run*, Aug. 12) is most impressive. In the true pioneer spirit he dared to be first. He had a vision, and through his indomitable will he made it reality. Others will follow in his footsteps, some perhaps faster, but he led the way.

Jim's writing is simple, beautiful and totally human. Rumors and jitters can't help but identify with some of his feelings. Parents will feel the hollow fear and anguish of Mrs. Dunn during her long hours of waiting and searching following missed rendezvous. And Jim captured the West Coast of the United States as it is.

With leaders like him, the future of this country will be in good hands.

J. R. Buys

Commander, USN

Ford Island, Hawaii

Sir

It was a super article and gave me a feeling of pride to know that there are still a few adventurous and exciting people left on this earth who love our planet and what it has to offer.

JOHN GRINCHIOS

Butte, Mont.

Sir

The article was extremely well written in a simple down-to-earth style that perhaps only a schoolboy could produce. Jim's success just goes to show that the Olympics is not the only place where we find true champions.

LYNN ARALI

Plymouth, England

Sir

Jim Dunn's run from the Mexican to the Canadian border must be classified as truly amazing. The uniqueness of the trip and the perceptiveness and preciseness with which Dunn wrote about it combined to make this one of the most fascinating and beautiful pieces you have ever printed in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

What impressed me most, however, was the kind of person Dunn revealed himself to be: namely, the kind whose determination and doggedness allowed him to attain a seemingly unattainable goal, who would carry his trash along with him rather than litter his country and who was human enough to want to bask in a little glory after his long run. Jim Dunn is truly one of a kind.

ROGER SHULER

Springfield, Mo.

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That's Sony Trinitron.

O.K., any questions? We'll answer them all in a 12-page Trinitron pamphlet.

Write to us, or stop in at a Sony dealer.

Let him explain the beauty of our unique one-gun, one-lens system. He's got an advantage.

He can show you the picture.

"IT'S A SONY."